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Thomas Brushfield, M.A.

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TRAVELLING
MEMORANDUMS,

MADE IN A TOUR UPON
THE CONTINENT OF EUROPE,
IN THE YEARS 1786, 1787, AND 1788:

BY THE HONOURABLE
LORD GARDENSTONE.

VOL. I.

SECOND EDITION, CORRECTED AND ENLARGED.

Crowns in my purse I have, and goods at home,
And so am come abroad to see the world.

SHAKESPEARE.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED FOR BELL AND BRADFUTE,

G. G. J. AND J. ROBINSON,

AND G. NICOL, BOOKSELLER TO HIS MAJESTY,
LONDON.

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Garden
Travelling
memorandum.

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MEMOIRS

MADE IN A TOUR

THE CONTINENT OF EUROPE

IN THE YEARS 1780, 1781, AND 1782

BY THE NOBLESSE

LORD BARNSTON

VOL. I



And in all come round to the world
And in all come round to the world
And in all come round to the world

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR AND SELLERS

G. & J. ROBINSON,

AND C. ROBINSON, BOOKSELLERS TO HIS MAJESTY,

EDINBURGH.

WILKINSON

P R E F A C E.

THE Manuscript of this Volume was given to the Editor, with permission to publish it, by the Honourable Lord Gardenstone.

It is unnecessary to speak of the merit of the Work, or to enlarge on the taste, liberality, and public spirit of its Author. To some characters panegyric cannot add dignity.

EDINBURGH, }
Nov. 25. 1791.

P. S.—SINCE this Volume was first printed, the Editor has received the Manuscript of a Second Volume, which will be ready for the Press in a short time.

To be had of J. ROBERTSON, Bookseller,
No. 39, South Bridge-Street, Edinburgh.

MISCELLANIES
IN
PROSE AND VERSE;

Including REMARKS on
ENGLISH PLAYS, OPERAS, & FARCES,
And on a Variety of other
MODERN PUBLICATIONS.

By the Honourable LORD GARDENSTONE.

The Second Edition, Corrected and Enlarged.

BESIDES a variety of other additional Articles, this Edition contains Original Memoirs of the Life, Character, and Writings of GEORGE BUCHANAN, including a satisfactory Vindication of his Moral Character, and the first Regular Criticism on his Poetical Writings which has appeared in the English Language.

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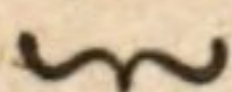
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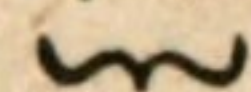
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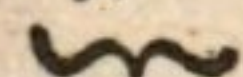
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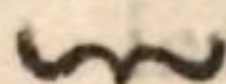
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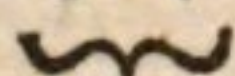
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*Erratum.* — P. 67. l. 4th from the bottom,  
for 14th read 12th.



TRAVELLING

*MEMORANDUMS.*

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**A**T the age of sixty-five, being in easy circumstances, but in a declining state of health, I resolved, by advice, to travel, and try the effect of southern climates for one or two winters. — Before my departure, I obtained consultations of able physicians, both at Edinburgh and London; one of them was my worthy friend Dr Garden, then residing in London. — He had practised, with high reputation, for many years in Carolina. — As he was best acquainted with the common effects of a hot climate on persons bred in northern countries, I

A

con-



considered his advices as most material; and I have experienced the success of them. — I select some part of his opinion for the benefit of others in similar circumstances.

THE Doctor treats the important article of regimen and diet in an unusual, but, as I think, in a very sensible manner. — “ Be  
“ moderate habitually. — Whatever your  
“ palate relishes, and your stomach digests  
“ easily, is best. — In this, you must be  
“ your own physician, and prescribe from  
“ experience. — I know no better, and propose  
“ no other rule of regimen. — In consti-  
“ tive habits, and cases of weak digestion,  
“ ripe fruits, especially grapes, figs and  
“ sweet oranges, are good. — Such simple  
“ refreshing diet, and those mineral waters  
“ which both nourish and purify, are preferable  
“ to any medicines. — However, I do  
“ advise you, occasionally, to use laxative  
“ medicines. — Here again choose, by  
your



“ your own experience, (with this material  
“ precaution not commonly adverted to,)  
“ that you should obtain the prescription  
“ for making such pills as best agree with  
“ you, so as to have them fresh made  
“ from time to time, because, when kept,  
“ they grow hard, and are apt to pass  
“ without effect.—He thinks rhubarb  
“ the safest laxative, and an excellent  
“ strengthener of the stomach: but, for  
“ the reason suggested, he advises not to  
“ use it in pills, but to cut it into small  
“ pieces of five or six grains, and to chew  
“ it.—By this means, it dissolves fresh in  
“ the stomach.---Hot climates are, in sum-  
“ mer, dangerous for us of the north.—  
“ They produce fevers in the young, and  
“ dysenteries in the old, often fatal.—  
“ Therefore, he advises a retreat to more  
“ temperate climates; and, in particular,  
“ he recommends Laufanne, or Spa, for  
“ our summer retirement.”



THUS provided with sound advice in regard to health, I was desirous to have aid and information from proper books of travels.—I purchased many volumes, not very much to my satisfaction.—I chiefly consulted Keyser, Moore, and Smollet, as modern writers, who describe the course which I intended to take.—I found Keyser heavy, tedious, trivial, and certainly not improved by the English translation from the original German.—Though deficient in substantial information, yet he points out many uncommon objects to the curious traveller.—Dr Moore writes with propriety, some spirit, and with better information; but, to my taste, he expatiates too much.—I was best pleased with my old and excellent friend Dr Smollet.—Tetty and discontented as he is, he writes with perspicuity.—His observations are generally sensible, and even his oddities are entertaining.



entertaining \*.——In the progress of this journal, I make some remarks on the travels of Mr Addison and Bishop Burnet; but my memorandums are relative to Smollet, and are either supplementary, or corrective of his book.—I found Dutens's journal very useful; and every traveller on his routes ought to have it.—Dr Campbell's account of the present State of Europe contains much useful information.—Guthrie's geographical grammar is the best book of that kind so far as I know.—It is concise, accurate, and instructive.—And I think it is one very proper *Vade mecum* for travellers †.

## A 3

\* One of his fellow-travellers reports this story of him, that, at an inn on their route, the landlady was a coarse red-haired woman, and a great scold.—Dr. Smollet immediately set down in his pocket-book, "All the women in this town are red-haired, and insufferable shrews."

† Since my return to this country, I have seen a geographical grammar, published at Edinburgh,



I SET out from London for Dover on the 5th of September 1786, attended by two uncommonly good servants: one of them a foreigner, spoke French, Italian, and German. — Whatever his quality or fortune may be, no individual traveller, if he is wise, will keep more than two servants;—one of them a foreigner of character, and experience in travelling. — By good advice, I avoid fatigue; and though I travel by post, my daily journies are very easy. — For the first night, I was at the King's Head, Rochester; on the second night, at the Rose-Inn, Sittingbourne; next day, the 7th September, I arrived at the City of London Inn, Dover. — Many travellers have complained loudly of extortion on this road. — I experienced no cause for this complaint. — At both the

by Mr. Alexander Kincaid, which comprehends the substance of Mr. Guthrie's work, with material additions.



above inns I had good fare, and more moderate bills than usual in the southern parts of England.—I was uncommonly pleased with the inn at Dover.—The landlady, a widow, is sensible, civil, remarkably and unaffectedly kind and attentive to her guests.—Just after my arrival, four or five captains of yachts, all together, entered my room, and, rather in a blunt and forward manner, severally pressed for my employment.—After some reflection, I told them that I had a friend in town with whom I would advise: that I wished them to retire for the present; and that, if they thought proper to return in about an hour and an half, I should be then ready to determine myself.—In the *interim*, I conversed with my landlady on the matter.—She appeared shy of explicit and particular advice, for fear of offence to any of them: but from shrewd hints, I perceived that she had the best opinion of a Captain Sharp, whose good



countenance and gentle manner had already prepossessioned me in his favour. Accordingly, when they returned, which they did very punctually at the time appointed, I dismissed the rest, and dealt with him.—From his very fair and obliging behaviour, I had good reason to be satisfied with my choice.—I told him, that as I travelled for health and amusement, being old, valetudinary, and timorous at sea, I was determined not to embark without a prospect and probability of an easy passage; nor would I sail in the night time.—Our bargain was regulated on these terms, and six guineas fixed as his fare, for myself, my servants and carriage.—Next morning early he attended me, and honestly told me there was a fresh gale: that as the wind was cross, though the passage would be safe enough, it would be tedious and uneasy; but that I might go down to the port and judge for myself.—He was willing either to sail or stay till next day,



day, as I pleased. When at the port, I thought what he called a fresh gale, was a horrible tempest; so I declined to go.—He said he was well satisfied; and that from appearances, he hoped soon for a favourable change of weather.—Two other yachts failed, and had a very distressing passage.—My good captain proved a true prophet.—Next morning he announced a moderate gale and fair wind.—We sailed, and had a delightful passage in three hours.—Before we parted, Captain Sharp gave me an advice, which I believe to be very just and material for travellers to know.—He said, that, in returning from the Continent, it is more eligible to sail from Boulogne than from Calais, as we save twenty-four miles of land journey, and generally have a more favourable and expeditious passage.—In Calais, I put up at the celebrated hotel of Dessein.—I was immediately visited by a begging Capuchin, as I suppose, the same person who is described by



by Sterne.—I told him, that being a heretic, he could expect nothing from me.—His behaviour was mild and decent.—He said, there were good men of all religions, and that charity was a general principle.—I shall give him something, although I think it a vile practice, and one of many sanctified modes of picking pockets.—It cost me two guineas to clear all charges of landing, and custom-house claims.—This, I believe, is moderate, especially as I was assured that a large case of English knives and forks would be liable to forfeiture, if the custom-house officers were rigorous.—In this, and other points, I think I can perceive symptoms of conciliating measures with France.—The quaintness of Sterne's wit, (which has many admirers,) struck me forcibly when I again conversed with the Capuchin.—This inn is not only magnificent, but commodious, and remarkably well served.—It well merits the encomiums bestowed on it by travellers.—Mr. Dessen  
appears



appears to me a sensible, considerate, unaffected man. — He is very attentive and serviceable to travellers who desire to converse with him, and, I think, wisely leaves travellers, who express no such desire, to their own discretion. — I thought myself much obliged to him for his kind service, and good advice in several particulars. — He aided me to settle with the custom-house. — He gave me French money for my English guineas, at the best rate of exchange. — He advised me to keep my English crowns and half crowns, as they have a profitable currency in all parts of France. — He explained to me, that, by the king's ordinance, if I kept the pole of my carriage, I must employ four horses ; but that, by quitting it, three would serve, which proved a considerable saving in the course of my long journeys through France.

On the 11th, I set out for Paris, and  
proceeded



proceeded no farther that day than to the post-house at Boulogne.—I had good entertainment, below the common rates in England.—Five livres for two bottles of very good Burgundy.—Four livres for dinner to two persons, and three for my lodgings.—Here some British gentlemen, by recommendation from friends at London, waited on me, and offered me many civilites, which my state of health obliged me to decline ;—so, on the 12<sup>th</sup>, I proceeded to Montreuil, and lodged at the Court of France Inn, where my entertainment was elegant, and my bill very moderate.—My servants were on board wages, at the rate of three livres each *per* day.

13<sup>th</sup> September.—DINED at the Tete de Beuf, at Abbeville, very well, with a bottle of good Burgundy, for a reckoning of six livres.—Supped and staid at the post-house, Felix-court, and fared well, for  
seven



seven livres.—In several articles, the expence of posting here is more moderate than in Britain.—The rate *per* mile is less.—We pay no tolls, no charge to waiters, hostler, or boot-catch.—The waiting maids and drivers are well contented with one livre each.

*14th September.*—I BREAKFASTED at the Duke de Burgogne Arms.—The French people are joyous and happy in all ranks, down to the lowest poverty.—They are more properly objects of our envy than pity.—My ragged driver, this morning, enjoyed his pipe, and sung a merry song by turns; whilst, with some British thousands of income, I could not divert a fit of British melancholy.—To me, every thing appeared under a gloom.—The ill condition of villages I had passed through, half inhabited.—Houses in dreary disrepair.—Numbers of beggars, of whom the most detestable



detestable are Capuchins.—Custom-house extortions.—A fine country, ill cultivated and uninclosed.—Nothing like the accommodations for travelling in Britain.—N. B. I had been reading my friend Smollet's observations on this route.

14th September.—I DINED and slept at Breteil.—After dinner, I imbibed with my excellent Burgundy a portion of French spirit and good humour.—I perceived that the ill condition and ruinous state of houses and villages, as described, was exaggerated.—I considered that it was better idle people be allowed to beg, than that the industrious should be obliged to maintain them.—The disgrace of begging is some restraint on the practice, and the miserable uncertainty of its success a still greater discouragement.—But legal maintenance is the reverse.—It is a never-failing incitement to idleness, and discouragement to industry.—The  
Capuchins



Capuchins are respectful, generally modest in their applications, and very piously thankful, returning prayers as value for our charity: And what better pennyworths have we from our own established clergy?

—The custom-house officers are on public duty.—A moderate bounty contents them, and they are always polite.—The farmers begin to make some improvements in this country, and they seem to be in a good train.

—In the north of England and Scotland, the theory and practice of ornamental and profitable agriculture are of a very modern date.--If the accommodations for travelling, in the articles of hired carriages, drivers, harness, are yet not so good here as in Britain, they are cheaper; and this advantage is only a modern improvement, in which, with other more important reforms, it is not improbable that they may soon excel us.—Most kinds of provisions are good and plentiful in this country.—Cookery,

to



to the general taste, is superior, the wine better and cheaper;—good Burgundy for the price of adulterated port in the English inns.—These are capital articles for honest fellows who love good cheer, and desire not to join any of those multitudes who disturb this world so often about serious, and, for the most part, incomprehensible matters.

*15th September.*—I DINED and supped at the Hotel d'Angleterre, Chantilly.—Many years ago, I saw the grand palace, gardens, and famous stables here, objects of admiration to travellers of taste, for the greatest distinction of high life.—I, as a plain philosophical sort of a man, am better pleased to observe, that the present Prince de Condé encourages industrious people to settle and build good houses in his village.—He says, I am told, and I think most nobly, that he would gladly surrender one great house appropriated



appropriated to himself and his family for several thousands of free industrious people, thriving and happy, every one in his own house.—He has taken one measure conducive to this good end, by erecting a porcelain manufactory here, which succeeds very well.—The English landlady at this inn is sensible and civil.—Here I have paid the highest bill of any on the road, chiefly owing to the circumstance, that, in the mode of the south of England, every article is charged separately;—yet I was far from being dissatisfied; for my accommodation and entertainment have been remarkably good.

I now approach to Paris, and recollect that, on all this route, I have not seen one male waiter;—only one landlord has made his appearance;—and, alack a day! not one pretty girl.—In this country all kinds of vehicles on the high-roads must give

B

way



way to post-carriages, by the King's ordinance, which is constantly observed.—Our commonalty are apt to spurn at such useful regulations.—If they had a proper sense of liberty, they would at least be as well disposed to obey the acts of our legislature, as the French are to revere the royal edicts.

*16th September.*—I THIS day arrived in Paris, at the Hotel de York, without any instance of ill usage or imposition in the course of this journey, except that at the post house, first stage from Chantilly, they exacted thirty-six sous for my breakfast, which is more than double the usual rate.—The landlord at the Hotel de York is a very sensible civil man.—His wife, well qualified for her station, is an English woman; and he speaks the language well, though born at Dunkirk.—I have two handsome apartments for myself, and sufficient accommodation



accommodation adjoining for my two servants at one Louis d'or and a half *per* week.

—I pay fifteen livres a-day for a good chariot, two horses, and driver.—The late scarcity of fodder occasioned an edict, which authorises, for a limited time, a rise in the rates of hired horses, both on the post roads and in cities.—I have settled terms with a reputable Traiteur, at the rate of five livres, when alone, and six livres a-head when I have company.—

I am very well served, and so plentifully, that the fragments are always sufficient for the use of my servants.—I am well served with wines by my obliging countryman Mr. Maclagan, who is in company with Monsieur Bouffée, presently at London.—As a specimen, I set down the following note of wines, now sent to me.

B 2

Burgundy



L. S.

Burgundy, one dozen, at four  
livres *per* bottle, 48 0

Three bottles vin de Grave, at  
three livres *per* bottle, 9 0

Three bottles vin de Chables,  
at fifteen sous *per* bottle, 5 5

---

Amounting to two louis d'ors,  
fourteen livres, and five  
sous, 62 5

THE vin de Grave is the white wine of our favourite Bourdeaux or Claret, very pleasant and salutary, though I know not if it is at all imported to our country.—The small wine, called Chables, is a white Burgundy, very refreshing, and serves, I think, with advantage, for small beer.—I was happy to meet with a countryman, and very old acquaintance, Chevalier Macgregor.—To him I owe a great share of the amusements,



amusements, comforts, and information I have enjoyed, during my residence here.—At an unlucky and early period of his life, he was obliged to retire from his native country.—He engaged in the French service, and has distinguished himself, little to his advantage, though honoured with a badge of merit.—If he could have reconciled himself to make a profession of the Catholic religion, his advancements in the service would certainly have been considerable.

*24th September.*—THIS day I entertained a small and choice party of friends at la Rape, near the Boulevards, and on the side of the river.—It is a house in high vogue for dressing a luxurious dish, called Matelot, a kind of fish Olio, composed of eels, carp, &c. with a high seasoned and flavoury sauce.—I own I have a vulgar taste, and like what, in Scotland, we call fish



and fauce, if well made, much better.— We had other nice dishes, and very good wine.— We discovered an evident design to impose upon us as Englishmen ; but my honest friend Macgregor restrained them within moderate bounds.— We were well diverted with some circumstances which I set down.— Our landlord assured us we should have dinner on the table, “ *Dans une* “ *bonne demi heure,* ” — in a good half-hour.— After waiting an hour and an half, we called.— The waiter, somewhat a wit, and very much a knave, assured us that dinner should be served in a minute ; but he added pertly, — “ *Une minute ici est composee* “ *d’un bon quart d’ heure.* ” — A minute here, consists of a good quarter of an hour.— Our friend the Chevalier had, before hand, so correctly fixed the rates of every article in our bill of entertainment, that the house had no extraordinary advantage to expect.— The mettled waiter, however, tried



tried to remedy this grievance, by whispering to me, that we might have a bottle of excellent Champagne.—I demanded the price;—to which he gave an evasive answer;—I then said aloud, “Ask Monsieur le Chevalier if we should have a bottle of Champagne, without settling the price.”—The answer was laconic and decisive, “*Non.*”—The lively waiter replied, “*Monsieur cela est fort distinct,*”—Sir, That is very distinct.—So we had our entertainment for a very moderate reckoning.—When I paid the bill, my friend desired me to give the waiter no more than twelve sous.—However, I gave him two livres, which he received very thankfully, and acknowledged that he always had four times more from the English and Irish, than from his own countrymen.—There are delightful walks at the Palais Royal, surrounded with rich, at least splendid shops, containing all sorts of wares.



—It will be a monument to the memory of the present Duke of Orleans, and a great revenue to his family.—Here I was conducted one evening to see a very singular species of dramattick entertainment, performed by a company, called *Les petits comedians*, of his Highness the Duke's son.

—The Royal Theatre has an exclusive right to exhibit plays.—At this Theatre they have fallen upon a very curious artifice to elude the privilege.—The actors who appear on their stage, do not speak one word; their lips move, and they go on with corresponding action and attitudes.

—But every word of the play is uttered with surprising propriety and character by persons behind the scenes.—The play was near over before this singularity was discovered to me, and others of our party.—

The whole was so strangely managed, that we could have sworn the visible actors were also the speakers.

THE



THE Bibliotheque Royal is a grand building, filled with books, manuscripts, busts, medals, paintings.—The Garde Meuble du Roy is another great building, which contains all the fine, rich, and curious superfluities of the monarch.

HERE we saw, in great variety, armour, arms, statues, busts, Chinese figures, tapestries, and several cabinets of precious stones richly ornamented; a mass of valuable and splendid property, useless to the owner, and only amusing to others.—The king was ignorant of these precious stores, till the Emperor, who eagerly went about to see every thing during his late visit here, informed him of its existence, curiosity, and value.—It is now open to be seen on one particular day of every month.—A company of us obtained a special warrant from the proper officer for access to it.—Though I was at no small expence



expence for fashionable articles of dress, and kept a handsome carriage, I felt myself too old and awkward to aspire at what is called the best company and high life.— Yet I renewed old acquaintances, and made some agreeable new ones, both French and British.—My old acquaintance, Mr. Colbert, now bishop of Rodez, received, and treated me with many marks of liberal kindness.—He is a man of superior talents, and highly esteemed in France.

At this time, L——d B———l, bishop of D——y, was at Paris.—He honoured me with very obliging attentions.—He is an extraordinary man, and appears to me remarkably pleasant, spirited, and intelligent.—He has made the tour of Europe mostly on horseback.—He must be very kind and hospitable to his clergy.— One day, at dinner, he asked his principal servant,—“ How many hogheads of claret  
“ did



“ did we use last year?” The answer was, “ Sixteen, please your Lordship.”—Such instances prove the great benefit of dignities with high revenues in the church of Christ, and how much it is advanced and *improved* since the days of the Apostles.

I BECAME acquainted with several English travellers of distinction, particularly Mr H——ly, and Mr F——s, sensible and well-informed gentlemen, and both lately from the East Indies.—I had the pleasure to be sometimes in company with Lord John Murray, the oldest general in the British service, past eighty, the finest and most agreeable figure of an old man of fashion I ever beheld.

SOMEBODY of my acquaintance informed the famous natural philosopher, Monsieur Buffon, that I had a dog begot by a wild fox on a terrier bitch in the mountains  
of



of Scotland;—he signified, by a message, his desire to be satisfied as to the truth of this matter.—I was not able to wait on him as I intended, but I communicated to him the grounds of my belief,—“ That the  
“ original owner, a person of credit, as-  
“ sured me of the fact.—I stated, as indi-  
“ cations of his parentage, his fierceness  
“ and surly temper, and his constant prac-  
“ tice, in the early part of every spring, to  
“ commit some depredation on young poul-  
“ try, and to hide his prey, till restrained by  
“ severe correction.—That the figure of this  
“ dog was very singular, with a striking and  
“ handsome resemblance to the fox, in shape  
“ and colour, and other circumstances.”—  
Had he lived to publish a new work, I sup-  
pose that my dog would have made a figure  
in Natural History.—At coffee-houses, and  
other places of public resort, this creature  
drew many curious persons to converse  
with me.—For some hours in the fore-  
noon,



soon, I had levees, even from persons of distinction, to visit him, and I began to apprehend, that if I had staid longer in Paris, he would have introduced me to too much good company of both sexes.

I HAVE heard many severe complaints against the Parisian tradesmen and shopkeepers, &c. for undue advantages upon strangers, of which I did not experience one instance. Mr. Mary, my banker, used me in the most liberal and candid manner; from my bookseller Laureat, Rue Turenne, I made many purchases of books, maps, &c. at very moderate prices—His wife, remarkably handsome, as well as good humoured and polite, surprised me indeed, when I made some compliment on her beauty and blooming looks;—she told me, that she was the mother of twenty children.—My merchant-taylor was Henry Mitman, Rue de Sien; he served me unexceptionably.

Mr.



Mr. Courhon, *au Palais marchand*, supplied me with very fine, and indeed, costly laced ruffles, without any sort of imposition. —I had several wigs *a la mode*, from Monsieur——, at half the price which they would have cost either at Edinburgh or London.— I must not omit sincere acknowledgements to my landlord and hostess at the hotel, for their civil treatment and moderate charge. —In short, I am convinced, that no traveller is in danger of being imposed upon at Paris, if he is at due pains to inform himself concerning the character of the persons with whom he deals.—Dealers at random with tradesmen and shopkeepers, are no doubt in hazard of being cheated, but always in a more polite and obliging manner here than any where else.

THOUGH I believe that Paris is the most agreeable place of residence for young and gay people, or even for literary men in perfect



fect health, yet I do not think it a proper place for valetudinarians.—While there, I found my health declining.—The air cannot be wholesome, where one is offended, in almost every quarter, with disagreeable or bad smells.—This, I believe, is occasioned by the narrow dirty streets, and the universal practice of frying cookeries, which, about dinner time of day is, in several quarters, almost suffocating.

As I am a lover of dramatic entertainments, I hoped to find at Paris some modern pieces in a better taste, less in the quaint and outré style than many of those, which, of late years, have been applauded at London; hitherto I have been disappointed.—They earnestly study to imitate nature:—But to use Shakespeare's expression,—they *either overdo, or come tardy off*, for want of that rare and precious gift of nature, the power of original genius.—

So,



So, like ours, their dramatic productions are not easy imitations, but strained affectations of nature.—They resemble us too in quaintness for wit, and the outré instead of sublime.—Voltaire himself, with all his fame, abounds in those *modern* qualities of excellence, in dramatic composition, and in his *Henriade*.—We seem to have insensibly formed a sort of treaty of dramatic commerce.—We mutually borrow fantastical plays from each other.

THIS harmony of taste seems to have chiefly prevailed under the monarchy of David Garrick over our London Theatre.—He had great talents as an actor, but was low in the character he much affected, of a dramatic writer.—His alterations on most of Shakespeare's plays, are as execrable as his performance in some of his capital characters, especially in the comedies, was natural, just, and admirable.



rable.—I discover that Garrick's *outré* characters, of Flash and Fribble, which, at this day, give transports of mirth to the multitude of our spectators, were almost literally translated from a French play.—I felt no pleasing sensation, when I saw his picture set up at Stratford upon Avon, as a companion for Shakespeare.—He looks like a Harlequin in the company of a hero.—The fooleries of his jubilee throw ridicule on our times;—and are only pardonable for the good intention.—Had Shakespeare himself been a spectator, he would have exclaimed, on hearing the ode,

Extremely strain'd and conn'd with cruel pain.

AND upon the ballad, he would have repeated these lines:

- " I'd rather be a kitten, and cry *mew*!
- " Than one of these same metre-ballad mongers.
- " I'd rather hear a brazen candlestick turn'd,
- " Or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree,
- " And that would nothing set my teeth on edge,
- " Nothing



“ Nothing so much as mincing poetry;  
 “ It’s like the forc’d gait of a shuffling nag.\*”

THE inferior ranks of mankind, down to the lowest commonalty in Britain, certainly enjoy more effectually an equal and impartial administration of law and justice in all points, either civil or criminal.—They are much more secure from the haughty insults, or cruel oppressions of the great, the powerful, and the nobles, than

\* From suggestions of certain intelligent and judicious correspondents, since these Memorandums were first published, I am induced to wish that I had softened some expressions with regard to Mr. Garrick.—I have done him all justice as an actor.—I cannot retract my opinion of his dramatic writings,—nor my censure of the liberties which he has taken with Shakespeare’s Plays.—But I own, I am now convinced, that, (to use the words of a very respectable correspondent,) “ Though Mr. Garrick  
 “ was not without foibles, yet he was upon the  
 “ whole a worthy man, an excellent friend, and a  
 “ most delightful companion.”

Note to the Second Edition.



than in France.—This is very obvious, even on a transient comparison of the condition and manners of the people in London and Paris.—Our people in general are also *less* involved in the miserable delusions of superstition and priestcraft.—These are glorious advantages for us ; but sensible and considerate men, will not vainly boast of, and undervalue those benefits.—Trace our history fairly, and it will be found evident, that we owe them more to accidental and fortunate circumstances, than to superior virtue or exertions.—We owe our reformation of religion, to the brutal passions of one tyrant,\* and of government, to the extraordinary folly and ignorance of another.†—Do not the bulk of our people, in the South and North, often fly into all excesses, either of wild enthusiasm or licentiousness, and some-

C 2

times,

\* Henry VIII.† James II.



times, by a strange association, into both at once.—In point of abject credulity, we are a match for the French.—Not to mention any absurdities in the common tenets of our established faith, and leaving these to dealers in controversy, in divinity, physic, law, and politics, quacks thrive among us, and no people on earth are more egregiously duped.—The Catholic belief of miracles and cures, performed by relics of saints, is not a greater proof of weakness in the human understanding, than our prevailing credulity in the advertised puffs of infallible remedies, for every distemper.—We are, almost in a constant succession, misled by pretenders to patriotism. In politics, those who are not the interested creatures of faction and party, form their opinions from the superficial information of feeble news-mongers, and declamatory pamphleteers;—and we value new books generally according to the dictates



dictates of those assuming critics, who call themselves reviewers, and who, for the most part, are neither wise nor impartial judges.

ON the 28th *September*, I set out on the road through Burgundy from Paris to Lyons;—all night at Essone, only twenty miles, at the Lion d'or:—a dear bill; six livres for lodging, and six for poor entertainment.

29th *September*, I PASSED, with little observation, Fontainebleau, distinguished only as the King's hunting seat, in the middle of a wild barren country; yet the grapes produced in it are remarkably good.—I proceeded no farther that night than to Moret, twenty-six miles;—put up at the Belle Image, which Dutens says is a good inn.—I found it execrable for entertainment, though my bill was moderate.



*30th September*, I BREAKFASTED at the post-house, Villeneuve.—My landlady, when I called for a bill, said, she knew the custom of this road was to charge the English higher than any other travellers;—that some of them were offended at this practice as an imposition, and others seemed displeased at vulgar reckonings.—She therefore begged I would pay what I pleased;—or at the same rate as I thought reasonable at any other inn on the road.—I know not from what motive, but this singular sort of discretion induced me to pay her very liberally.—I was all night at the post-house Villeneuve le Roi,—well used.—Advancing southward, I think I already feel a milder climate, and some benefit to my health, since I left Paris, from change of air, and moderate journies.—This day I have advanced about thirty-six miles.—The grapes begin to be of a better relish and richer flavour:—the  
pears



pears in France are excellent;—the apples and the peaches in general no better than our own;—the strawberries, gooseberries. and other small fruit, not so good.—I do not think the wheat bread so savoury and nourishing as in Britain.—I know not for what reason, whether from defect of soil fit for producing that grain, from want of proper cultivation, or from the circumstance, that they use leaven, and no barm or yeast;—or from all these causes.—I observe, that, through all this country, they have at the inns, &c. great plenty of pigeons, turkies, and other poultry.

*1<sup>st</sup> October*,—I DINED very well, and reasonably, at the post-house Auxerre, a town of considerable trade, and proceeded to Vermenton all night, about thirty-six miles; a delightful days journey, the hills covered with luxuriant vineyards, and a very extensive plain also covered



with rich vineyards, and intermixed with fertile corn-fields.—I saw little pasture;—and must enquire how their cattle, sheep, and horses, are maintained.—I observe many odd carriages, commonly drawn by two or four cows, for transporting wines and other merchandise.—I was particularly captivated with a species of poplar, or willow, abounding in this country.—They are beautiful, finely busked, and grow both in thickets and rows very fast, and to a great height.—They resemble both the Lombardy poplar and Huntingdon willow; but are of a different species, and more beautiful than either.—I am assured, that I may have excellent plants of them from the nursery-men near Lyons; and I am resolved to try the experiment of propagating them in our country.\*—I observe, that the peasants and villagers in  
this

\* In fact, I have since done so, with every promising appearance of success.



this country, employ an uncommon and surprising number of asses, for riding and petty carriages, which is a certain indication of general oppression and poverty; equally detrimental and disgraceful to men of power and property in all countries.— I feel myself disturbed with some apprehensions, that enormous taxes, and the ill judging avarice of many landlords in Scotland, may in time force our people to such use of this sluggish, but servicable and easily supported little animal.

*2d October*,—I BREAKFASTED well at the post-house Lucy le bois;—all night at the Maison Neuve, thirty seven miles, very well used;—for dinner, wine, lodging, and fire, only twelve livres.—On the first two posts of this day's journey, the country appears barren and stony; it mends as we go on;—is mostly a corn country;—few vines to be seen, except on distant hills.—

Some



Some attempts appear to form inclosures in the English manner, by thorn hedges and rows of trees;—unsuccessfully, for want of skill and care in the modes of planting and preservation; yet, at a distance, and on a general view, the trees, and even defective hedges, give an ornament to the face of the country.—I have remarked, that the men and women, and also the horses, are larger and handsomer in Champagne and Burgundy, than in the other parts of France where I have travelled.—Certainly the French people, in general, have naturally a greater portion of what is called spirit, than the British;—yet their horses are mostly sluggish, and have not the figure, fire, and mettle of ours;—chiefly, I suppose, from defect of pasture, fodder, and proper grain.

*October 3d*,—I BREAKFASTED at the post-house Viteaux.—I observe, that my old friend



friend Smollet, when overcharged at the inns, was in a violent passion, and threatened vengeance by force or law, ever without redress.—On such occasions, hitherto rare, I have tried a different method with better success.—At this inn, the landlady demanded forty sous for my breakfast.—I calmly remonstrated, to this purpose ;—  
“ I am no unexperienced traveller ;—I  
“ know your demand is extravagant, near  
“ double the highest usual rate :—Yet, if  
“ you insist, I shall pay you ;—but be  
“ sure I shall hereafter avoid your house,  
“ —and report your behaviour to other  
“ travellers.”—The woman readily restricted her bill to twenty-four sous, equal to tenpence half-penny sterling, and received it thankfully.—By the same argument at the Lion d’or, Effone, I reduced an extravagant bill, no less than six livres,—which made it reasonable,—and the balance was also thankfully received.—Indeed, on such occasions,



occasions, the experience and honesty of my foreign servant have been materially useful.—He generally settles my bills before I enter the inn;—but when this precaution has been omitted, I never fail to reform an unreasonable bill, in the above method.—I put up all night at the Prince de Condè, Dijon,—capital of Burgundy.—It has a very agreeable situation, and thriving appearance,—populous and cleanly.—The prince has a handsome palace here, and there is a large fine building for an academy of sciences.—Near this city, there is a small territory, the prince's property, which produces the wine called *Romané*, of much superior quality and flavour to any other Burgundy.—The great family of Condè had long been in use to engross all this excellent wine; and what could be spared from their own hospitality, they gave in presents mostly to the king of France, and other sovereign princes.—

This



This prince of Condè, finding measures of economy very necessary from the state of his finances, among others, had ordered this precious wine to be saved for several years past ;—and a large quantity of it was lately sold to the merchants at Paris, of which my friends purchased a considerable share, at such a price, that they satisfied me, it could not be sold, in retail, at London, under the rate of one guinea *per* bottle.—After repeatedly tasting it, I expressed regret, that I could not, without apparent extravagance, take any wine at such a price.—They very obligingly agreed to let me have a hamper of nine dozen, without profit.—This parcel stood me at the rate of nearly nine livres *per* bottle, prime cost in Paris.—In fact, it came into my possession in Britain, happily, without adulteration;—but not without some breakage and embezzlement on the passage.—I have occasionally regaled my friends with



a bottle of it.—When finished, I despair to have again so exquisite a *bonne bouche* for their entertainment.—The prospects and environs of this town are delightful.—For a great part of this day's journey, the country is mountainous.—We saw few vines and poor crops of corn.—I observe, that plantations of forest trees would thrive well;—but they are quite neglected.—In some of the low grounds, especially on the borders of rivulets, my favourite poplars make a charming figure, and again invite me to an experiment at home.

My rate of posting has been generally slow,—seldom above, and, for the most part, below six English miles *per* hour.—I do not blame the drivers.—I observed no instance of their being obstinately or wilfully tardy, as they sometimes are in Britain.—They push their horses even unmercifully, and their apology is commonly  
just;



just; "*Monsieur j'ai fait mon possible,*"—Sir, I have done my best.—From the first stage this morning, the horses were fresh, and I was treated with the expedition of English posting.—This merit I rewarded only by a fixpence extraordinary to the driver; and, by continuing this little bounty, always reported to the next postillion, I was so well served, that though this is the longest day's journey I have made, I reached my evening quarters some hours earlier than ordinary.—I find the grapes here remarkably delicious.

*October 4th*, I BREAKFASTED at the post-house La Baraque, and was all night at Challon;—a fine, populous, and trading town, beautifully situated on the Saone.—My entertainment was good, and a moderate bill at the Cheval Blanc.—I have this day travelled forty-five miles, through a delightful and extensive plain, abounding  
with



with the richest grapes of France, and in which some of the highest growths of Burgundy are produced.

*October 5th.* BREAKFASTED at Sennecey, at the usual rate of twenty-four sous, or near one shilling Sterling;—dined, and put up at night at La Maison Blanche:—forty-seven miles.—On my journey this day, the face of the country has varied considerably.—For the first two posts, it is bleak, without production of vines, or any other crop, except Turkish corn, resembling tobacco; of this, we saw various and extensive fields.—About half way between Sennecey and Tournus, we passed a steep hill, from which a delightful prospect opens down upon the river Saone, and fine extended fields on each side of it, still without large vineyards, till we come near this stage.—On the latter part of this day's journey, I observed some small fields of turnip, and  
more



and more than commonly good pastures.—  
The turnip is not of the same form and  
size as ours, but has a root like our par-  
snip and carrot.—Their cows are numer-  
ous, all white, which is reckoned a bad  
colour in our breeding countries.—They  
are much employed in labour, both for car-  
riages and ploughing, which is very flight-  
ly performed by one man, sometimes by a  
woman, and two cows.—In the course of  
this journey, I have not observed any field  
of potatoes, though I am persuaded they  
might have great and useful crops of them  
in their light soils.

I AM habitually, if not naturally, shy in  
the company of strangers.—I do not re-  
member, that, in any part of Britain, I ever  
was the first to break silence with strangers  
whom I accidentally met, from an appre-  
hension, I suppose in general mistaken, of  
an unkind or surly reception.—Upon an

D

opinion

5



opinion of French good humour and cheerful politeness, I have begun to take the first word with a stranger, of which I have experienced this day no less than three very agreeable instances.—About half way on the first stage, we met a post chaise;—both postillions stopt to exchange horses;—a practice usual, and very convenient, for obvious reasons.—I saw, in the other post-chaise, a gentleman of a very pre-engaging appearance.—He had much the air of a well bred person, and the dress of a military man of distinction—He dropt some questions to my servant in English, which he spoke easily, though he had never been in England.—I took the hint; a conversation ensued, which could not be lasting;—but to me it was very agreeable.—I gave him the first intelligence of our commercial treaty, at which he expressed great satisfaction in the politest terms.—He recommended Arms de la Pays at Lyons,



as an excellent and reasonable hotel.—My second interview was with a priest, as we both walked on the descent of the hill above mentioned.—He appeared to be a decent, sensible man ; and also expressed, in liberal terms, his joy to hear of the commercial treaty with Britain.—My third interview was with a genteel-looking man, who walked about, while I waited for post horses at St. Albion.—I understood that he had the management of an estate, the property of a monastery, in that neighbourhood.—He invited me to take some refreshment at his house adjoining.—I excused myself, by telling him, I was impatient to get on to a warm climate for health.—It was then surprisingly cold.—He told me, in that part of the country, the climate, from local circumstances, is unfavourable, and that I should find no material alteration till after I had passed Lyons.—For some time, I have paid four



livres for bed and fire.—He informed me, that this is the settled rate for travellers by post, though less than the one half was commonly exacted from others.—At my evening inn, the bill was very moderate; and here I find the white grapes are exquisite.—I have no where yet met with a mellow and highly flavoured red grape.\*

*October 6.*—BREAKFASTED at St. George's;—a paltry village, where the landlady attempted unsuccessfully to impose on me.—In the afternoon, I arrived at Lyons.—At Paris, I had been recommended to the Hotel d'Artois; but I have no reason to repent, that, as advised on the road, I went to the Hotel de la Pays.—The country, through which I have this day passed, is finely diversified by hills, mostly covered with vines to the tops;—valleys of corn fields, interspersed with vineyards;—

\* At Lyons, I found them excellent.



yards;—and a more extensive tract of meadow and pasture grounds, along the banks of the beautiful river Saone, than I have yet seen.—Some attempts to inclose with thorn hedges appear;—they have miscarried for want of skill and care.—There is a shew of trees over the face of the country, and on some hills; but not being fenced, they are not thriving.

THE city of Lyons, and its environs, as we approach, make a glorious appearance;—wild and romantic, yet highly cultivated and populous.—Near the city I saw, for the first time on this road, a field of fine clover, which would certainly be one valuable product for the country.—The French have this evident advantage over us in Britain, that they may profit by *our* example in the culture of grass and grain, and in improvements, by inclosures and planting;—whereas, we can derive no ad-



vantage by *their* skill and experience in the management of vines.

October 7.—THIS day I presented my letter of recommendation and credit from Monsieur Mary, to Mess. Andrew Faye and Company here.—Mr. Faye is a man of sense, of very obliging manners, and agreeable conversation.—He, and other gentlemen of this place, confirm my purpose of residing, for most part of the winter, at Hyeres, as a climate almost invariably mild and serene.—They reckon one hundred and fifty thousand people in this city.—It is a common observation, that, at Marseilles, where the occupations of the people are more in trade than in manufactures, great numbers appear every day on the streets;—but here they are all manufacturers or shop-keepers:—so that, on ordinary weekdays, the streets appear almost empty;—  
but



but on Sundays and holidays, we see a prodigious population.

I AM very desirous to proceed on my journey, partly on horseback.—I am told, that, in this country, they have a good breed of saddle-horses, and they deal with Switzerland for serviceable horses.—Monsieur Faye assists me in treating with a great and reputable dealer.—He informs me of an agreeable, easy, and cheap mode of travelling from here to Avignon by water in two days and a half.—I shall consider of it;—if I cannot find a proper horse for my use, which indeed is difficult:

“ A horse ! a horse ! my kingdom for a horse ! ”

I HIRE a good carriage here at the rate of twelve livres *per* day.—My landlady is an excellent person.—I have not been in an hotel where the accommodation is more commodious and elegant, the entertainment



tainment better, and the attention to a traveller more agreeable.

*October 8.*—I WAS this day conducted to the very beautiful chapel of ——. There is one capital picture here by Rubens,—Christ just expiring on the cross; and Magdalen, a figure of wonderful beauty and affecting distress, at the bottom.—To be charmed by true genius, and masterpieces in painting, it is not necessary that we should be either artists or connoisseurs.—We crossed the river by the finest timber bridge I have seen,—light, well proportioned, and substantial.—We passed through a delightful alley of poplars, and then arrived at one of their greatest hospitals.—All appeared clean, decent, and orderly.—They were at dinner;—on no other provisions but bread, milk, vegetables, or legumes;—with every symptom of health, contentment, and even chearfulness.

IN



IN this great city, there is a numerous body of merchants, mostly in retail trade.—Though few of their citizens make large fortunes, many of them are in easy circumstances.—Monsieur Faye made mention of a famous Doctor, Monsieur ———, who, in twenty years practice, may have acquired twelve or fourteen thousand pounds Sterling.—I proposed a consultation on my complaints, with a fee of two or three guineas, in our fashion.—My friend told me, I should run no hazard of discrediting my country, if I left, on the doctor's table, a fee of two pieces, of six livres each,—that is, ten Shillings Sterling.—My Scotch pride raised it to one Louis d'or, for which I had good advice,—“to use the best bark I could find, moderately, and not habitually.”——He gave the same opinion precisely which I had from our eminent old Doctor Clerk, more than thirty years ago,—“That  
“ my nervous complaints are not curable,  
“ but



“ but may be mitigated and relieved,—  
“ not by medicines, but by proper regi-  
“ men, moderate exercise, and change of  
“ air.”——He approved highly of Doctor  
Garden’s opinion, with regard to regimen,  
and he bade me take for my motto,  
NEVER REST, and act accordingly.—He very  
highly commends the climate of Nice.—  
He does not dissuade me from a temporary  
residence at Hyeres, but makes one objec-  
tion to it,—that there is in that pleasant  
territory, a degree of dampness arising  
from the nature of the soil.

My esteemed landlady has made me ac-  
quainted with two very agreeable fellow-  
lodgers:—a Mr. P——e from Ireland.  
—I have rarely seen a more ingenious,  
well-bred, and promising youth.—My o-  
ther agreeable acquaintance is a Monsieur  
Clair,—a French gentleman, advanced in  
years, but, in spirit, perfectly youthful,  
and,



and, in character, he appears *Vrais Philosophe*,—a true philosopher.—I have occasion to observe, and to know, that he delights in offices of humanity, without any object of interest.—Though his incomes, from a small estate in the neighbourhood, are very moderate, his habits of life are corresponding, frugal, simple, and genteel;—and he often says, I believe sincerely, “Give me a ducal fortune, I will not, “I cannot, alter my mode of living in any “one article;—so I have no motive of discontent, or desire for more than I possess.”—His opinions are sensible and liberal, untainted by any sort of prejudice, and improved by studies of literature.—He prognosticates great changes in France.—With generous fervour, he often said nearly these words, which I shall not forget.—“The lights of human reason, derived from God himself, are now generally propagated in this country, and  
we



“ we despise the superstition of Papal power ;—so that, in ten years time, we may have *Catholics* ;—but we shall not have one disinterested *Papist* in France.”

October 9.—I HAVE passed a very pleasant day in viewing some of the most remarkable manufactories of this great place, in company with my two friends at the inn, and Monsieur Faye as our guide.—The operations of the velvet manufactories are very nice and perfect.—Though I cannot set down any particular or satisfactory description, I remark some striking circumstances.—The manufactories here are distinguished for beauty and elegance.—With small prospect of use or ornament to myself, I was tempted to make some costly purchases.—What is called the *Chinese* manufactory of velvet is very remarkable.—They have a curious and singular art of dying little spots of various colours upon the  
the



the silk threads, in such a manner, that when those threads are properly adjusted by the artist, and worked in the loom, they produce the intended figure of each pattern for every piece of velvet, and there is no known mode of executing the finest patterns so perfectly as this.—The art is strictly preserved as a secret among the operative artists, who teach it only to their own children or descendants.—At this manufactory, a common journeymen will earn at the rate of six livres, or five shillings Sterling *per* day.—If such wages were constant through the year, it would be very extraordinary;—but the matter was explained, that, if an ordinary weaver can finish a piece of this work in a fortnight, or three weeks;—he may, for a month following, be without any employment;—during which interval, they are preparing materials for another web.

October



*October* 10.—We had this day a charming promenade through the most beautiful alley I ever saw, with the river Saone on the one side, and the Rhone on the other.—It terminates at the noble confluence of these two rivers.—On the Rhone, we saw a number of very curious mills for corn, and various manufactories, erected by means of great beams of wood, by which, two large boats in the body, and near the side of the river, are fixed at a small distance from each other, and so placed, that the water, confined between them, makes a strong stream to turn the wheels, for machinery of different kinds.—All this grand work has been lately executed at a vast expence by a company who became bankrupt;—though a hard, yet no unprecedented fate, to the first projectors and inventors of the most useful and valuable arts.

THE



THE Hotel de Ville is a grand building, which contains many handsome apartments for the accommodation of all ranks of men in the offices of government;—the *Echevin*, and *Comodant*, *Procureur General*, &c.—The great hall is truly magnificent;—the walls are covered round with portraits of distinguished characters;—some of them remarkably fine paintings.—There are several elegant apartments ornamented in the same manner for the chambers of justice, police, and commerce.—Antiently this city was a republic.—By degrees, the monarch engrossed, in effect, all power.—Still the community of merchants elect three persons, and the king nominates one of them to be *Echevin*, or chief magistrate.—In the neighbourhood of this, and all flourishing cities in France, there are many fine villas, possessed not only by the nobles, and persons of affluent fortunes, but also by thriving burghesses of all denominations.—



minations.—My landlady informs me, that the military gentleman whom I met on the road, is “*Le meilleur homme du monde*,”—the best man in the world,—a Monsieur Noye, of noble family, and high rank in the army.

LYONS enjoys advantages singularly great from its situation, in a very temperate climate, in the heart of France, and on two great navigable rivers, which have a prodigious extent.—I am assured, there are many known Protestants in this city, who live unmolested, and exercise their religion privately.—The archbishop of Lyons holds very large revenues, and great privileges.—A prevailing subject of popular complaint is, that the present archbishop has used those privileges with improper rigour;—which lately excited an insurrection of the common people, suppressed by military force.—Some very fine young fellows, the ring-leaders,



ring-leaders, were executed; and the prelate, an old politician, is detested.—It seems reasonable to believe, that such provincial insurrections, under established governments, rarely happen without real grievances or oppression, by men unworthily raised to power and place.—Lyons has silk and raw materials for their fine manufacture from Provence, and the other southern parts of France.—It is strange, that we rarely see the materials of industry wrought on the spot that produces them best.—The manufactures of Lyons also bring their raw materials from Italy, from Spain, and the finest of all from Turin and Savoy.

My good friend *Monsieur Clair*, in conversation this day, expressed a sentiment which I think is a real *bon mot*, and I cannot forbear to set it down.—He said, “*Les*  
“*bonnetes gens sont toutes de la meme reli-*  
E “*gion.*”—



“ *gion.*”—Men of sense are all of one religion.—And he added, “ this is the true  
 “ Catholic church, which can only be formed by the consenting sense of the wise, unbiased, and enlightened part of mankind,  
 “ without any other distinction.”—In the course of the same conversation, he gave us two anecdotes, which I must also set down.—He said, “ the Abbé Raynal, for  
 “ his bold writings, was banished from Paris ;—but he has been suffered to live  
 “ quietly in the south of France.—In his observations on Pennsylvania, he has  
 “ this expression, *Peuple heureux sans roi ! sans pretre !*”—Happy people ! who have  
 “ neither king nor priest !—Second anecdote.—The regent Duke of Orleans  
 “ was certainly one of the greatest wits any age or country has ever produced ;  
 “ he said, *Pour reussir a la cour, il faut etre sans humeur et sans honneur,*”—To succeed at court, one must be without honour, and without a will of one’s own.

October



*October 11.*—I SET out from Lyons, on my journey southward by post;—not having succeeded in my wish, to purchase a fit horse, and being advised to avoid the passage by water, for fear of catching cold. —The bill presented by my very good landlady was manifestly undercharged.—I made her a present of two double Louis d'Ors; and it was still moderate.—I proceeded no farther this day than to St. Simphorion;—two posts, through a hilly country, covered with vines.—At the inn, the post-house, which is a very good one, I had a bottle of an exceeding pleasant wine I never before tasted, called *St. Pierre*, the growth of Languedoc.

*October 14.*—I WAS all night at St Val-  
lier,—well entertained at the post-house.  
—There is, in the country through which  
I have this day passed, an uncommon



variety of hill and valley, fertility, and sterility.—The Rhone often made a cheerful, beautiful, appearance in our view ;—and all the way we beheld, at no great distance, a most magnificent hill, near which the excellent wine, called *Cotte roti*, is produced.—A long tract of hills adjoining, with a striking resemblance to our Grampians, excited in me a fond remembrance of my own country.—Woe be to the man who loves not his native land!—be it barren or fertile,—east, west, north, or south.—I have seen, in the course of this day's journey, several fields of potatoes.—The instruments of husbandry continue, in general, very bad ;—ploughs formed without our essential article of iron coulter, —not to *turn* the soil, but only to scratch it.—Yet nature seems to supply the defects of art.—By a strong stubble, we perceive that they have had good crops of wheat and other grain.—In this part of the country, I cannot



cannot conjecture how their cattle are maintained.—We see no sufficiency of pasture for many cows and sheep, though of a diminutive size.

*October* 13.—BREAKFASTED at Teint, the post-house.—A very agreeable stage along the banks of the Rhone, with fertile hills all around.—I restricted, as usual, an extravagant bill for breakfast.—I was all night at Montelimart, the post-house; very well ;—bill for all, only ten livres.—About half way from Teint to Valence we crossed a large river, the Iser, by a remarkably well constructed fly boat.—We then proceeded through an extensive plain, surrounded by hills ;—one of which produces the famous wine, called Hermitage.—I observe, since I entered Dauphiny, many flocks of black turkeys.—I have this day felt, very sensibly, the symptoms of a southern climate.—The weather is as hot, and we are



as much pestered with flies, as in our country in the middle of August; yet, in the morning, there was a hoar frost.—The clover fields, and garden products, are as verdant as with us in a favourable and advanced spring-season.—Chefnuts, walnuts, and mulberries, cover the fields.—This day I had one of my casual interviews with French people, which pleased me very much.—As I waited for post-horses at la Paillaiffe, a very genteel company of three gentlemen, and three handsome ladies, with a most attractively beautiful girl, about nine or ten years of age, walked past, and observing my British carriage, (made by Creighton of Edinburgh, and admired wherever I travel,) they stopt at a small distance.—In a little while, one of the gentlemen, in the politest manner, accosted me, and gave me a pretty little nosegay, which, he said, was presented by a young lady who had been married the day before,—a well-fancied



fancied marriage-token to a northern man.—at the same time, he held in his arms the rising beauty, who smiled, and talked, and charmed like a cherubim.—I blundered out the best acknowledgements I could express of their pleasing attention, and my good wishes.—Too soon we parted.—I find that our posting expences, in this country, with three horses to the carriage, and one riding horse for a servant, come nearly to the same charge as two post-horses in Britain, including tolls, &c.

*October* 14.—I FIND a bunch of ripe grapes, taken in my carriage, answers well for breakfast;—so I go on, without any stop, except for fresh horses, till I chuse to put up for night-quarters.—This evening I stopt at Orange,—the post-house, a good inn, where the bill was moderate, and the wine excellent;—particularly a rich and delicious white muscade wine, at three livres *per* bottle.



THE face of the country through which I have this day passed, is much the same as yesterday.—We are now fairly in the south of France.—The climate sensibly improves as we advance, with circumstances of local distinction.—This day we saw in the fields great quantities of fig and olive-trees.—Till this night, at my inn, I never tasted a ripe and fresh fig.—It regaled my palate, and was exceedingly agreeable to my stomach.—In passing through the country this day, I observed that one mode of maintaining their sheep is, by feeding them on the vine-leaves, after vintage is past.—There are many tracts, intermixed with the fertile lands in this country, of poor and stoney, or gravelly, soils; on part of which they raise a kind of black oats, which serve for food to their turkeys and other poultry.—The turkey-corn is raised in a better soil, and is also used for feeding poultry, &c.

ORANGE



ORANGE is situated in an extensive plain, watered by various fine rivers;—yet the soil is generally poor.—In this plain, mount Ventoux makes a great figure, and is reckoned the highest hill in France;—the top of it was covered with snow.

October 15.—I DINED at Avignon.—I was all night at Orgon.—Till we approached near to Avignon, the country had little appearance of fertility.—The plain of Avignon is highly beautiful and luxuriant.—Dutens says, it resembles the famous plain of Piedmont.—This territory belongs to the “Whore of Babylon\*,” but it looks like paradise.—I hope, in my return, to make some residence on this delightful spot.—I was allured to stay and dine here, by the sight of some fine sea-fish, and fared luxuriously on a fresh young turbot,

\* The Pope.



turbot, well dressed.—They reckon the fish on this quarter of the Mediterranean better than at Marseilles.—As the products of different soils, in the earth, diversify the qualities of animal food; so do the products of seas and rivers vary the quality of fish.—I paid only three livres for my regale.—I found, in the parlour where I dined, a decent, genteel looking man.—I was in a hum-drum British humour, disinclined to speak first, yet willing to talk with him.—After some time, he broke the silence; and I was much pleased with his manners and conversation.—It is very evident, that the French, in general, are disposed to favour and respect British people.—This gentleman, before we parted, set down his name and residence in my pocket-book;—and I promised to visit him, (Monf. Thievy,) at his villa near Marseilles.—He recommended Le Hotel de Prince, at Aix, as a very good one.

*October*



*October* 16.—I ARRIVED at the Hotel de Prince, Aix, the capital town of Provence.—This inn has every promising appearance, with one of those chearful, obliging, and hearty hostesses, who have merited my favourable opinion in the course of this tour.—A great part of the country, through which I have this day passed, is very deficient in soil; beset by a tract of barren and rocky hills on each side.—By mere force of climate, the olive and mulberry-trees are numerous, but unthriving.—We observed the symptoms of corresponding poverty among the peasants;—meagre and pallid looks of men and women;—two asses in each of their scratching ploughs;—and the sheep kept from starving, by shaking down the autumnal leaves of those trees.

*October* 17.—I FIND at this hotel (Aix, in Provence,) a landlord ostensible;—the  
first



first I have conversed with since I left Paris.  
—The wife, for most part, in French inns, is the active person.—The landlords are generally stupid drones.—I find this man sensible and attentive.—As I purpose some residence here, and, if advised, to drink the mineral waters, or to use the bath, I have settled my terms for very commodious and genteel lodging for myself and servants, and am to pay six livres *per* day, and dinner at the same rate.—None of his wines exceed four livres the bottle.—The Bourdeaux, at that price, is excellent.—He has very good cinnamon waters from America.—He has allowed me to try his own riding horse, which, though not handsome, is firm and steady, so that he will serve me perfectly.—Except at Calais and Paris, I have not found, even in the best inns of this country, our very simple, but very material conveniency of bells, to ring for service when wanted.—I am not dissatisfied



fied with the articles of entertainment here in general, but I am concerned to find a difficulty to get good cow's milk.—My landlord informs me, that there are but three cows for all the town, though it contains twenty-three thousand inhabitants.—However, he has secured for me one English quart every morning.—To have it fresh, and to prevent mixture with water, or ewe milk, the cow must be brought to the inn, and milked in presence of my servant.—For this article, I gladly pay at the high rate of one Shilling Sterling for the English quart; and I remark, that on such occasions only, I experience the benefit, for myself, of a superfluous income.—I have, for many years, been in the practice, almost every morning in bed, of drinking about an English pint of warm milk from the cow, mixed with a little sugar, and a table-spoonful of good rum, the strength and spirit of which is extinguished,



ed, and you taste only its cordial flavour.—Instead of the sugar, I have long used a table-spoonful of honey.—It is a most delicious, nourishing, and salutary dose.—I have often been thanked for this prescription, which I had at second-hand from the great Dr Mead, who found, in many cases, that it was successful, when the milk of asses, or mares, and even of women, had failed; I now therefore set it down for the benefit of others, to use the words, without the insincerity of quacks.—Here, and in other parts of the south of France, they make what they reckon good butter of milk, just as it comes from the ewe, by tossing it with both hands in a barrel, or long wooden vessel, made for the purpose.—Here we have plenty of sea-fish;—whiting excellent;—sole and turbot very good, when proper care is taken to have them fresh;—but, in this, they are commonly deficient.—The climate, from Orange to  
this



this place, is esteemed much the same as at Marseilles ;—only this country is more liable to violent and sharp winds, which is attributed to mount Ventoux, and other great hills.—I have long entertained an opinion, perhaps fanciful, that there is a certain character applicable in general to the different professions of men in lower life, without distinction of countries.—Thus, the gardeners have more genius and knowledge than any other class ;—next to them, smiths, masons, and carpenters, are sagacious and intelligent ;—weavers and shoemakers are generally shallow fanatics ;—ploughmen and carters brutal and ignorant ;—taylor, and their allies, (dancing-masters,) are formal, conceited fops ;—barbers are all talkative, but have rarely any common sense.—I was led into this odd train of reflection by finding, on my arrival here, a barber who surprised me with a saying, which, I think, is a *bon mot*.—



*mot.*—After some painful progress in trying to shave my long neglected, overgrown, beard, he said, “*Ma foi, Monsieur, ce n’est pas sans raison que vous voulez être rasé.*”—I’faith, Sir, it is not without good reason that you wish to be shaved.

October 19.—I HAVE now delivered my letter of recommendation and credit from M. Faye to Monf. Gregoir, merchant here,—a man of excellent character;—sensible, honest, and obliging.—He informs me of a curious fact,—that the most part of the great waggon loads of cotton, which I saw on the road, are carried from Marseilles all the way by land to Rouen in Normandy, where it is wrought into thread, which is again transported back to different parts of the south of France, and manufactured chiefly into handkerchiefs;—and that, notwithstanding the great charges of carriage, and different provincial imposts, the manufacture



facture is sold very cheap.—He says, it is now in contemplation of government, to abolish all provincial imposts on the raw materials, or manufactured goods.—Here I got the *Courier de l'Europe*, published at London; a very useful and general newspaper, furnished any where on the continent at a moderate expence.—Instead of rum, I find a spoonful of excellent cinnamon waters improves my precious morning dose of milk.—I believe cinnamon is the richest and best of all stomachics.—I find it a most salutary ingredient to correct the ill effects of tea on weak nerves.—The climate, the retirement, the fine airings, and good accommodation, and the circumstance of having a safe and sure footed horse, at an easy hire from my landlord, induces me to make a longer residence here than I intended.—I observe, that the expence of a frugal, experienced traveller, may be very moderate in this country.—He goes to the

F

table



*table de hôte*, and pays only two livres for dinner, and an allowance of wine.—At night, his charge is only two livres five sols for supper and lodging, with an allowance of wine ;—but it suits not me to adopt this mode of living,—though I sometimes try it for amusement.—Neither the butcher-meat, nor poultry, are good here.—They do not practise the proper method of feeding either ;—so I dine on soup and fish, if fresh,—eggs, ripe grapes and figs; and I fare excellent well.—They reckon six hundred thousand inhabitants in Provence, of which number there are twenty-five thousand within the town and territory of Aix.—The situation of this town is very favourable and agreeable.—Though almost surrounded with hills,—by their moderate height and sloping form, it lies open to the sun from morning to night ;—yet the climate, though generally temperate and mild, is changeable ;—the winds



winds sometimes sharp, sometimes boisterous.—The people are not long lived; and it is rare to see any person past the age of seventy-five.—I ascribe this partly to the ill management of the animal food.—The avenues and promenades are remarkably pleasant and extensive.—The chief commerce of this place arises from the products of its territory, in vines and olives, and from their distilleries of brandy.—The olives, and the oils produced from them, are esteemed the best in Provence.--Though their olive tree is small, it has thereby the advantage to be less in danger of damage by tempestuous winds.

*Aix, in Provence.*—As I am unqualified to pursue the pleasures of youthful or fashionable travellers, I must find different amusements, and I am particularly attached to objects of natural history.—In that branch of knowledge, this is a pre-



cious territory.—It contains several marble quarries, petrified shells, and other maritime bodies, although not near the sea;—mineral oils, fossils, and coals, on some pieces of which there appear impressions of vegetables and reptiles.—I have collected some specimens of these rarities.—Mons. Darlue, professor of Botany in the university here, has published an ingenious and accurate natural history of Provence.—Upon the remains of ancient volcanoes, visible in this country, he observes, that the soil of them is remarkably fertile, producing legumes and garden stuffs of a superior quality, and exquisite taste;—he observes that iron ore abounds in volcanoes, and is a great ingredient of fertility in all good soils.\*—He remarks that iron, sulphur and water, are the chief and most considerable component parts of volcanoes and subterraneous

\* In this country, it is commonly understood, that Iron Ore is the sign of a barren soil.



aneous fires.—Though the soil of this territory is not rich, the good cultivation and climate produce abundance of vines and olives, which are intermixed in the fields, Dr. Darlue says improperly; and that they would thrive better, if propagated in separate fields.—The mineral springs, and hot baths, antiently esteemed for their salutary effects, were, in the course of general devastation, destroyed by the barbarous conquerors of the Roman Empire.—They were lost for ages.—About the end of the last century, in digging the foundation for a house, a hot mineral spring was discovered.—From this spring, various fountains, in different parts of the town, were erected, and public baths have been formed, and used, they say, with success, especially in rheumatic cases.—But none of these fountains are pure.—The water has an insipid taste, and does not, like other sulphureous and hot mineral waters, give a



tincture to silver coin.—The lightest and warmest spring is that which supplies the public baths, and is called *La source de Pinchinates*.

WHEN I am for some time resident in any place of distinction, I consult a reputable physician, not solely for advice in regard to health, but also to acquire learned and agreeable acquaintances, who are generally most capable to give a curious traveller the best information of whatever is most interesting on the spot.—I have thought of inventing a fictitious law question, to make acquaintance with some eminent persons of my own profession.—But, I was told, they are not so social.—They would pocket my fee, and neglect me.—With these views of information, I consulted Dr. Philips, who is highly esteemed here.—He very candidly dissuaded me from using the hot baths, as improper



proper for my complaints ; but he desired me to try the experiment of drinking the water moderately, and to persist, or not, as I found it agree with me.—I did so ; but not finding the effect of the Bathwaters in England, which was to brace my stomach, and give me a sharp appetite, at least for breakfast, I soon desisted.—The inhabitants use these waters ; they have no other, and it serves well for all common purposes.

THE Doctor informed me of a remarkable fact, relative to these waters.—About three or four years ago, the inhabitants were alarmed by a sudden and great defect in the usual flow of water from their fountains.—The flow gradually diminished, and, in a few days, they were almost dry ; happily the cause of this scarcity was soon discovered, and easily remedied.—In fact, a farmer, about the distance of half an



English mile from Aix, had, at this time, on some scheme of improvement, dug up part of his ground, when, at a small depth from the surface, a body of water rushed out, and continued to flow very plentifully.

—The fact being reported at Aix, they conjectured that the farmer had thus accidentally fallen upon, and diverted the stream which supplied their fountains; but, upon enquiry, the farmer's stream was found to have no degree of heat; on the contrary, it was a very cold spring water.—The experiment, however, was made.—The farmer's stream was replaced, and immediately the fountains of Aix were replenished with the same plenty and quality of water as formerly.—Thus it appears, with certainty, that this water acquires its heat in the course of running from the farmer's ground to Aix; but how or where it is impregnated with the quality of heat, is not yet discovered.



I CANNOT omit to set down the relation which I have just now received, on good authority, of a long established usage in this country of Provence, because it is exactly similar to the customs and manners of our Highlands in Scotland.—During the season of harvest, and their vintages, the inhabitants of the mountainous parts of this country, and of their adjoining villages, assemble in bodies or hordes, and passing through the low countries, and fertile districts, they perform vintage and harvest work for very moderate wages.—Many of them continue to be employed, in the industrious towns and villages, during winter, and return home when the spring advances.—If we form our opinion of these vagrant societies from their innocence and jollity, they say, and I believe justly, that we must rank them among the happiest of mankind, for this is the life of nature.—They laugh and sing, and dance, without vice, excess  
of



of any kind, or irregular gratifications.— Though they lye promiscuously, for most part in barns and outhouses, the chastity of their wives and young girls is less suspected than in the ranks of affluent and indolent life, with all the restraints of pious or polite education.

THE language of the common people in this country begins to have some mixture of Italian, and they often use the termination of *o*—as *jouro, prominado, voituro, &c.*

FOR some days past, I have experienced the changeable nature of this climate,— the weather suddenly altered, and has been raw, and blowing;—so I shall march on to Marseilles.—It is now the third of November.—My plan is to advance, with the progress of winter, to more favourable climates.—Though the distance is small, the climate at Marseilles is certainly more serene



rene and uniformly mild than here.—In a more advanced season of the winter, the climate of Hyeres, though also at a moderate distance southward, is more temperate and constant than at Marfeilles;—and I have reason to believe, that, after the month of March, when the spring season commences, the climate of Nice is preferable to either.—On the approach of May, an invalid must retire from those countries, and move, by some well advised route, to cooler regions.—The intelligent Dr Philips advises me to return, and go to Montpellier in April, to reside there till after the middle of May, and then proceed to the famous mineral waters at Baurege, in the Pyrenean mountains.—From that situation, I can easily take my route either into Spain or Italy for the following winter.—I am well informed, and convinced, that the climate in the south of Spain, for the winter, is much superior to any situation



tion either in the south of France or Italy.

—Though the accommodations of travelling in that country are very bad and discouraging to invalids ;—yet, proper precautions can materially rectify inconveniences of that nature.

I FIND essential benefit and relief in the course of my journey through France, from very simple precautions suggested to me in England ;—particularly, I was advised to carry with me two cases of pistols for myself and servants ; the very sight of which serves as a safeguard ; and above all, good bed-linen, with pillows, and a couple of large flannel night-gowns.

*November 7.*—HAVING cleared all scores, and being well enough contented with the civility and moderation of the hotel at Aix, I set out this forenoon for Marseilles.  
—I have purchased from my landlord his riding



riding horse for six Louis d'Ors.—He is not young, nor handsome, but he is quiet and sure footed.—If I was to marry, I would look about for a wife of the same description;—but I have a fixed opinion, that if a batchelor, after three score, is capable of committing an unpardonable sin, it is matrimony.—This evening, I arrived at the Hotel du Prince, Marseilles, where I am quite satisfied with the moderation, and every circumstance of my entertainment, though Marseilles is reckoned the most expensive town in France.—I have very good accommodation for myself and servants, with fire and candle, at ten livres *per* day; dinner, with variety of excellent fish, at six livres; and the best wines at three and four livres *per* bottle.—In the heart of the town, and near my lodgings, there are spacious and pleasant walks, called the Court; but my chief objection to any continued residence here is,  
the



the want of airy and convenient avenues, or roads, for excursions, either on horseback, or in a carriage ;—and I languish for Hyeres, where I am still promised these, and all the enjoyments of a happy retirement.—Here there is too much bustle, social life, and gaiety for an old man,—yet,

I cannot but remember such things were,  
And were most dear to me;—

therefore, I wish to continue as long as health and tolerable spirits permit.

I HAVE delivered various letters of recommendation to respectable persons, and have been kindly received by all of them.—My principal letters were as follow;—from Mr Maclagan at Paris to Mess. Chester and Duff.—I find that Mr. Duff has removed from this city, being appointed consul at \*\*\*\*.—I am deprived of Mr. Chester's conversation, which I highly valued,



lued, by his sudden and threatening illness, soon after my arrival.—Letter from Mr. Gregoire at Aix to Monsieur l'Abbé Bertrand;—a man of parts, and particularly eminent for knowledge in natural history.—I find him both intelligent and agreeable.—He has obligingly conducted me to some of the most noted cabinets of natural curiosities;—among others, to a collection which was the property of the deceased Mons. Contouel.—It is now exposed to sale in parcels, by a handsome young lady, his daughter.—I found the prices too high;—however, I purchased one box of fine shells for ten Louis d'Ors, and some pretty pieces of coral.—At a sale, in London, I lately bought a collection of shells, not less curious and valuable, for less money.

I DELIVERED a letter from Mons. Gregoire to Mons. Brethow, *negotiant*, a sensible man, to whom I am much obliged:  
—He



—He has been taught here to speak English well.—I also delivered a letter from Monf. Faye, of Lyons, with a large credit to Mess. Chaulon, merchants.—By these gentlemen, I have been favoured with every mark of attention and kindness.—The youngest of the three brothers proves an agreeable companion to me, and goes about to show me all the objects of a traveller's curiosity.—These are of a substantial nature.—Here we see no great palaces, magnificent churches, theatres, nor extraordinary fine paintings;—no prince,—no court;—but we see objects more endearing, and respectable to uncorrupted minds, and the honest lovers of mankind,—objects of industry, commerce, police, population, and growing wealth, which make so glorious a figure, that they already quite eclipse, and may, in process of time, extinguish the deformities and infamy of superstition.—This day I waited upon governor E——s.—My  
worthy



friend Dr. Garden, of London, introduced me to his acquaintance, which I esteem a singular favour.—The Governor is a gentleman of uncommon talents, and considerable fortune.—In conversation, he is remarkably agreeable.—He has singularities of character, but, so far as I can discern, they are rational, beneficent and pleasant.—More than twenty years ago, a voyage was performed, chiefly under his direction, for discovery of the north-west passage to the East Indies, of which he published an account, which I have read with great pleasure.—I have experienced, that no man of affluent fortune entertains his guests with more unlimited hospitality, or greater variety of delicacies; yet he himself adheres strictly to a singular kind of Epicurean temperance.—Though formerly an invalid, he now, at the age of sixty-four, enjoys perfect health.—His drink is pure water, mixed with a very small quantity

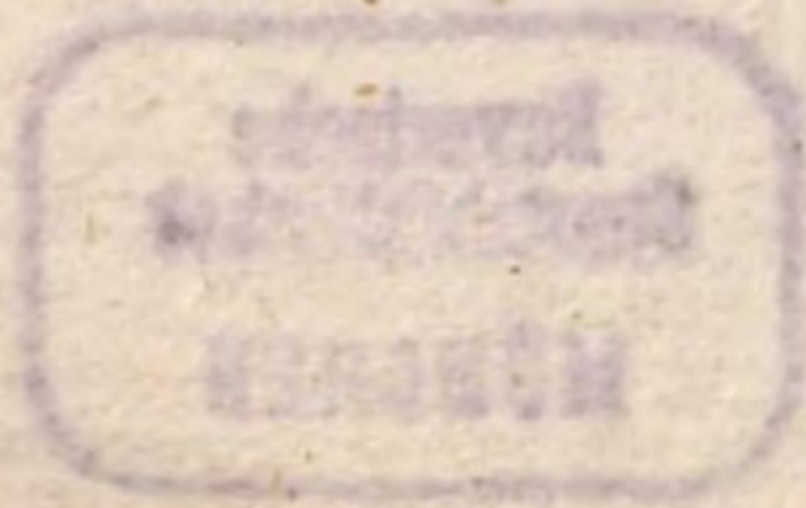
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of the richest, most costly, and cordial wines. —His diet is very abstemious, yet luxurious, especially in fish, dressed with all the ingredients and art of the nicest cookery. —He uses little or no other animal food of any kind.—For twenty years past, this gentleman has constantly, on the approach of winter, retired from Britain, or Ireland, where he has an ample estate, to pass the winter in the south of France, or in Italy; —mostly at Marseilles.—He recommends Pisa as the most pleasant situation, and most salutary climate in Italy.—In early spring, he resorts to Spa;—and mostly returns to London late in autumn.—In all his route through France, he is known, and expected like a bird of passage.—No man is more able to give prudent and proper lessons to genteel travellers.\*

To

\* Note of the different sorts of fish to be found at Marseilles; turbot; sole; eel; whiting; mackerel.—I have never seen any haddocks.—The fol-





To mix with my morning dose of milk,  
I here get Martinico rum;—it is strong,  
and in taste not unpleasant,—but it wants  
the high and agreeable flavour of our best  
Jamaica rum.

It is strange, that no good history of  
this great and renowned city has ever been  
published.—The only history of it is writ-  
ten by one De Ruffe, very imperfectly, and  
in an old and obscure stile.—The curious  
may find tolerable information concerning  
it in various books of travels; and more

G 2 particularly

lowing species of fish are unknown in our seas,  
though plentiful in the Mediterranean;—I set them  
down, with the descriptions I had from a French  
Gentleman, who is a *bon vivant*:—

*Re Rouger*—delicate, *sour tout dans l'hyver.*

*La vive*—legere pour la digestion.

*Poison Royal*—vulgairement *Piso reo*,—delicate.

*Le Bouchon*—estimé des Grecs.

*L'Empereur*—bon.—It is a large fish; and I take  
it to be a species of Cod.



particularly in the following French books.—Monf. Darlue's Natural History of Provence; in Monf. L'Abbe Croyer's Travels, seven volumes; in Monf. —'s Sortes Provençiales; and in L'Histoire de Provence.—There is a Marfeilles almanack, which, I am told, contains a very distinct description of all the objects here deserving the attention of curious travellers; but I could not find it.—Some descriptive and historical accounts of it are to be found in the books I have now mentioned.—From what I have gathered in conversation with intelligent and communicative French Gentlemen here, I fet down a short detail of its origin and progrefs, with concise remarks.

MARSEILLES is undoubtedly the most ancient city in France.—It was founded by a colony of Grecians, several centuries before the Christian æra.—When the rest  
of



of Gaul was in a state of barbarity, Marfeilles long subfifted as an independent republic, governed by excellent laws ;—flourifhing, and advancing in wealth and population, by its great commerce, to fuch a degree, that, at different periods, they fent out colonies, founded, and peopled other cities and towns, on or near the Mediteranean coaft, particularly Nice, Toulon, Hyeres, Antibes:—At length, it was fubjected by the Romans, and governed by a maritime prefect, fent annually from Rome. —Cæfar’s account of the fiege of Marfeilles is a precious morfel of their hiftory. —They long enjoyed the important benefits of a free and independent republican ftate.—During that happy period, they not only flourifhed by commerce and opulence, but were alfo diftinguifhed for learning, arts and fcience.—The Greek language was fpoken with high purity at Mar-



feilles.\*—Cicero celebrates their literary fame, and attests, that, in his time, the Romans sent their youth for education indifferently to the academies of Athens or to Marfeilles.—With the loss of liberty, as usual, their glory and prosperity declined, and ceased to make a great figure in the world.—This city almost perished in the common ruin of the Roman empire, when conquered by the inundation of barbarous nations: yet, in consequence of a singularly great and natural advantage of situation, they soon revived; and, even during the dark ages of Gothic ignorance and tyranny, they continued to practise a very considerable and extensive commerce.—It is certain, and demonstrated by experience of ages and nations, that the government of  
petty

• Their common language now is, either a Celtic jargon, called Patois, or a mixture of corrupted French and Italian,—but the better sort speak French properly.



petty princes is less favourable to the security and interests of society, than the government of monarchs, who possess great and extensive territories.—The race of great monarchs cannot possibly preserve a safe and undisturbed state of government, without many delegations of power and office to men of approved abilities and practical knowledge, who are subject to complaint during their administration, and responsible, when it is at an end, or without an established system of laws and regulations;—so that no inconsiderable degree of security and liberty to the subject is almost inseparable from, and essential to, the subsistence and duration of a great monarchy.—But it is easy for petty princes to practise an arbitrary and irregular exercise of power, by which their people are reduced to the condition of miserable slavery.—Indeed, very few of them, in the course of ages, are capable to conceive any other



means to maintain the ostentatious state, the luxurious and indolent pride which they mistake for greatness.—I heartily wish, that this observation and censure may not, in some instances, be applicable to great landed proprietors in some parts of Britain.

ONE of the most pernicious consequences of the Gothic conquests was, a distribution of vast territories among their leaders, or petty sovereigns, with the various titles of kings, princes, dukes, marquises, counts, &c.—A great part of France was so divided and subdivided.—This country of Provence, comprehending Marseilles, was for ages governed by a race of Counts.—Though they had assemblies of the states, or parliaments, those assemblies never possessed any regulated or established constitution, and were no more than feudal head courts of the superior, or over-lord, which  
he



he might call and dissolve at pleasure.— They were always either servile or tumultuary ; and no real security or public advantage could arise from their unsettled and undefined pretensions to rights and privileges.—The state of Britain was not, for ages, materially different.—Marseilles languished under this government ;—but ever since their union with the great monarchy of France, they have been allowed to enjoy valuable public rights and municipal privileges,—and they have made a wonderful progress in industry, population, and opulence.

MARSEILLES, since united to France, though locally part of Provence, is detached from it in regard to jurisdiction and the administration of government.—They elect their own magistrates, who have sufficient revenues and powers for internal police and good order.—The subsidies annually imposed



posed by the king's edicts, vary according to public exigencies, and are proportioned at certain fixed and established rates, on the different districts and communities of the whole province.—The proportion laid on this city, is nearly one third of the whole subsidy.—It is not levied by arbitrary or discretionary powers of a farmer-general, but by equitable and moderate rules of valuation, long established, and under the authority of their own magistrates, which is exercised without either grievance or complaint.

No person here will admit, that the government of France is an absolute and despotic monarchy ; and in fact, no great city in Europe enjoys a milder administration of government, or feels a less burdensome taxation.—Really and substantially, they possess all the advantages, comforts and blessings of a republican state, without



out its disorders, and under the steady, effectual, protection of a powerful monarch. — Indeed there can be no reasonable ground to suppose, or suspect, that the system of their free government, so manifestly beneficial to the state of France, so well and so long established, can ever be shaken or overturned, or that any king, or ministry, will ever be so mad, as to oppress and provoke a great community, whose successful application to arts and industry acquires ever-growing wealth to the whole kingdom from distant nations; and whose extensive trade is the grand pillar which supports the maritime power of France.-- With such benefits of government, and a situation most remarkably commodious for trade to all parts of the world, with the additional advantages of a fine fertile country, and a healthful climate, it is no wonder, that the people of Marseilles do in reality enjoy  
an



an extraordinary and enviable measure of public prosperity and private happiness.

THEY reckon above two hundred thousand inhabitants ;—yet, the progress of building and population goes on rapidly. —Though the Old Town is ill built, and indeed very nasty, it is mostly inhabited by a numerous, useful, and uncorrupted body of people ;—fishermen and their families. —They still preserve the simple manners, industry, and frugality of their remote ancestors.—Strangers may easily distinguish them from the rest of the people by their dress ;—the ruddy freshness of their complexions, and, by the appearance of their persons, which are visibly more hardy and robust.—They have been for ages, past all memory, an incorporated body, and have enjoyed certain privileges, which are regularly confirmed by letters patent from every king after his accession.—In particular,



lar, they chuse their own judges, who are four in number, and are called *Les prudes hommes*.

THE charge of a law suit before them by regulation strictly observed, cannot exceed two pence halfpenny sterling to each party, and this sum is consigned when they enter the court.—Those rustic natural judges, selected by the people subject to their jurisdiction, have maintained an uniform reputation for the good sense and integrity of their determinations.—I have an engagement to visit their court soon, and may set down farther remarks concerning them.

THE New Town is undoubtedly one of the most beautiful in the world ;—the streets are clean, spacious, and extensive ;—the houses fine, regularly built, and commodious.—The numerous inhabitants, besides



sides many rich families who live in ease, gaiety, and luxury, are generally thriving merchants, manufacturers, tradesmen, or mariners.—Their port exhibits the most admirable spectacle of commercial industry that can be seen or imagined.—At present, they reckon above two thousand ships in this harbour.—The promiscuous and busy multitude, who crowd a fine extensive walk along the quay, have the appearance of a vast daily fair, formed by a constant resort of people, of all nations and languages.—Nothing can be more amusing to a curious traveller.

THERE is an adjoining territory, of some extent, subject to the jurisdiction of Marseilles.—Upon this territory, the opulent inhabitants have erected a great number of country houses, called Bastides; they reckon between five and six thousand.—The soil of this territory is, in its natural state,



state, very poor, rocky, and barren;—but, by the force of climate, by cultivation, and manures, it is rendered fertile, and makes a charming appearance.

ABOUT three miles from the city, on our approach from Aix, at a place called the Visto, we are struck with astonishment and admiration at so many great and pleasing objects, all together and suddenly presented to our view;—the city;—the port;—the vast shipping;—the Mediterranean sea;—the prospect of which is wonderfully varied and beautified by romantic rocks, promontories, and islands:—and, lastly, the large adjoining territory, so covered with villas, that, at this distance, it has an appearance of one extended town, intermixed with fine rural ornaments.—I was most heartily and hospitably entertained in one of those villas by my casual acquaintance Mons. Thievy,  
by



by which I had a desirable opportunity of visiting other villas in his neighbourhood. — They are more neat and convenient than splendid. — The adjoining lots of land, which, in various portions, every one possesses along with his house, are properly divided into small inclosures of vines, olives, or fine pastures. — They neither affect the conceited, artificial gardens of the Dutch, nor the formal gravel walks and shrubberies of the British. — The owners are men thriving, or enriched by occupations of industry. — Little vanity, but an agreeable and evident mixture of good taste and utility appear in their stile of rural improvements. — My kind landlord gave me a simple and elegant dinner, *sans facon*, or superfluity; and he said, much to my satisfaction, “ I never give a great dinner “ to one whom I wish to entertain as a “ friend, and to see often.”

THE



THE trade of Marseilles may be said to be universal, and their manufactures are very considerable.—They do not rival Lyons in the fine and magnificent fabrics of silk, sattin, and velvets, but they manufacture the same kind of stuffs from coarser and cheaper materials, which have a more general demand and vent in the various circles of commerce, especially at Marti- nico, and in the Levant.—I fortunately be- came acquainted, and conversed with some of the first-rate merchants.—They allow that the English excel in certain articles, —particularly in the manufactures of steel and leather;—but they pretend to have the advantage in others;—and they specify their printed cottons and soap.—They say, they can undersell the English in many ar- ticles for the American market;—but that the capital advantage of the English hither- to lies in being able to sell on longer cre- dits.—Besides those mentioned, they have

H,

great



great manufactories of sugar, glass, porcelain, oil, coral, &c.

REFLECTING on the happy state of Marseilles, and other parts of France, I cannot forbear to set down an observation, which I am sure must arise in the mind of every worthy British man who has assumed into his heart the noblest sentiment of humanity that ever was well expressed in words ;

“ *Homo sum, humani nihil a me alienum puto.*”

Such men, and many such there are in Great Britain, will rejoice to be undeceived in the prevailing opinion of a miserable and total slavery, and despotic oppression in France.—I fairly confess, that I had long been one of the multitude of my countrymen who firmly believe that all the French, excepting their great people and clergy, are mere slaves, without protection of laws, or a secure enjoyment of property ;  
—that



—that they all wear wooden shoes, and live upon brown bread and garlic.

FORMERLY the wines produced in this part of Provence were in no estimation, and, like other *Vines du pays*, were consumed at very low prices by the common people; but, within eight or ten years past, they have discovered and practised such improved methods of managing their vintages, that they now make excellent wines, both red and white, which, in large quantities, are annually exported, mostly to their West India islands.—They even rival the Bourdeaux wines, and make no inconsiderable branch of trade.

*November 14.*—I THIS day visited one of their great wine cellars, plentifully stored with wines in tuns and other casks, ready for exportation.—I have also visited one of their most considerable soap manufactories;



—it belongs to a *Monf. Bartholomey and Son.*—He was originally a common journeyman at these works, and has raised himself, by extraordinary sagacity, spirit, and persevering industry, to be the first man in this great branch.—He has acquired the property of several different soaperies,—employs from eight hundred to a thousand workmen, and is reckoned worth three millions of livres.—In the process of this curious and valuable manufacture, there is no mystery, no measures taken to conceal the art;—all is open to common inspection and enquiry.—I never attempt minute or scientific description of arts.—I only remark such circumstances as may excite the curiosity of sensible travellers, without being ridiculous to skilful artists.—In this manufacture, there are a number of caldrons constantly employed in succession, for boiling up the various ingredients.—The last operation of boiling requires an extraordinary



dinary force of fire and heat ;—it is, when at the height, so violent, that the liquid stuff rises in a surprising manner above the caldron ;—it is then unsafe to stand near it ;—it resembles, in this state, an artificial *jet d'eau* ;—a more amusing object than the King of France's grand, but useless, parade of water-works at Marle, St Cloud, &c.—Dryden says, with a singular degree of wit and satire,

“ We're all but children of a larger growth.”

This censure seems peculiarly applicable to such favourite objects and amusements of high life.—Fine furniture, feasts, gaudy dress, public shews, fighting, gaming, masquerades, races, only discover the child's taste grown to maturity of age ;—the baubles are different, but the taste the same.—These always have been, and will continue to be, the most proper subjects of



poetical wit and philosophical satire.—To select one of a thousand instances, Is there any thing in human life, civilized or savage, so ridiculous, as an ugly old woman, having a wrinkled face, bedaubed with paint, and a feeble person overloaded with embroidery and jewels?—Rich drefs can neither correct deformity, nor improve real and natural beauty : though, if managed with art, it may embellish mediocrity in either sex.—This idea is quaintly, but pleasantly expressed by Cowley ;

“ Th’ adorning thee with so much art  
Is but a barb’rous skill;  
’Tis like the pois’ning of a dart,  
Too apt before to kill.”

I RETURN to my manufactory.—They use coal for fire, which is brought from a pit about three leagues distant.—I enquired, For what reason they forbear to make domestic uses of this coal?—They said, the  
objection



objection to such uses is a certain offensive odour, of which I was not very sensible. — They suppose that, when their wood fails, which, in course of time, not remote, will probably happen, they may fall upon means to correct this inconvenience, or, by custom, become insensible of it, as the workmen now are.

ONE of the principal ingredients of their soap is olive oil. — They esteem what is brought from the Levant as best and fittest for this purpose. — The oil of Provence is of too fine a quality, and too costly for this manufacture. — The Levant oil comes much cheaper; and as it is of a stronger and more substantial quality, a smaller quantity of it serves. — One of the most curious and indispensable ingredients of their soap is called Barilla: — It resembles our kelp, but it is not a marine production. — In its original state, it is a plant



raised from seed in cultivated land.—It is converted, by an operation of burning, into the appearance and form of large stones, each of about one hundred pounds weight; and, in this state, the best of it is imported from Alicant in Spain, at the rate of from fifteen, up to twenty livres *per* hundred weight.—They say, it is not to be found of so good a quality any where else, except in Sardinia, where this, and every other ingredient of soap, are produced in great perfection;—yet, they have no soap manufactory on that island,—a strange supineness in the government and people!—They bring a kind of Barilla, of inferior quality, from Naples.—It is also serviceable; but they cannot yet turn this species of Barilla into the solidity of the other by burning; so it is imported here in sacks or bags, and in the form of powder or sand.—It is reckoned, that they export soap to the value of more than twenty millions



millions of livres yearly.—There is a necessary cessation of the soap manufactory during the hot months of June, July, and August.—They say, it is an object of much amusement to see the activity and vigour exerted by their workmen in the month of May, to lay in provision for an approaching vacation.

*November 19.*—On the Sabbath day, after divine service is over, they, it is thought very properly, hold their courts of justice here.—This day, with my usual companion, I attended two of them; first, in the town-hall, where I saw the Echevins, or magistrates, and their assessors, sitting in judgement—They tried and determined, both with proper deliberation and dispatch, several causes relative to the peace, good order, and police—I was next conducted to the *Salle*, or chamber, where those remarkable judges, called *Les prudes hommes*,  
hold



hold their courts.—All the four judges were present.—I was really charmed with the artless manner, the simple dignity, and the unaffected solemnity of their appearance.—I verily thought I saw in all their faces a great degree of natural sagacity and integrity;—and I doubted not, that the community had selected their fittest men.—They have no dress or robe of distinction.—Shakespeare says,—“Robes and  
“ furr’d gowns hide all defects.”—These artificial ornaments of power and office are unnecessary, when natural merit and probity in public service command respect.—They observe no forms;—they admit no pleaders;—but they hear and interrogate the parties, and, if necessary, examine witnesses.—Like the Roman *Judices Pedanei*, they determine in the most summary manner, and parties are generally satisfied.—These judges had antiently a jurisdiction to try criminal cases, and even to inflict capital



capital punishment; but their power has for a long time been limited to the preservation of the peace among fishers, and to all civil questions concerning fisheries within a certain territory.—In all competent cases, their determinations are final, and without any appeal.—My conductor told them, that I was a judge in a far distant country;—upon which, they all paid respects to me in a very obliging manner.—One of them attended me, to show and describe some ornaments and pictures in their hall, which I did not admire.—He was the senior judge, and an excellent looking man; but he spoke a sort of Patois language, which I did not understand without my interpreter.

*November 22.*—THIS day Governor E——s introduced me to Mr. de la Tour, first president of the parliament of Aix;—distinguished for uncommon talents, and  
in



in high popular favour, by his spirit and firmness, in a late public contest with the court.—Past seventy years of age, he has the figure and countenance of a handsome middle-aged man.—I was much gratified by his politeness and conversation.—He entertained me, with unaffected kindness, as a brother judge; and, if I return to Aix, I have promised to visit him.—I have also been introduced to Mons. Bertrad, a gentleman of extraordinary merit, and of considerable distinction in this city.—His rank as a merchant is very high, and he is at the head of a great African company.—He is a man of superior parts.—He speaks English very well, though never in England.—Last night I had the pleasure of a long, private, and agreeable conversation with him, in the course of which, he gave me clearer ideas of the powers of provincial states and parliaments than I had ever conceived.—For proper information in regard



gard to such public matters, and the finances of France, he recommends to me a perusal of Mons. Neckar's writings, particularly *L'Administration des Finances*, and, *Le Memoir sur les etats Provinceaux*.

My worthy friend Lord D—f—s, and his amiable family, arrived here some days ago,—a fresh allurement for me to continue my residence here; and they have made me acquainted with the celebrated Abbé Raynal, an additional inducement;—but I am resolute on my retreat to Hyeres, as essential for health; and shall set out in a few days.—Indeed, my good friend, and sensible physician, Doctor Congleton, who attends his Lordship's family, approves of this resolution.—Though I have found no place in the course of my travels so very interesting as Marseilles, and in which I have exerted so much industry to be fully informed, yet I find, I must suspend



spend my enquiries as to some objects, until I may return.—However, I this day visited the coral manufactory, which is curious.—The manager of it has a small, but very elegant collection of natural history.—The manufacture of coral makes a considerable branch of trade, chiefly with Martinico and the Levant, in such ornaments of dress as suit the Negroes and Turks; not materially, or, at least, philosophically, different from our taste for fine dresses on a birth-day at court, &c.—Monf. Collet, the King's apothecary, has the best and most considerable cabinet of natural curiosities I have yet seen.—It consists of corals, shells, minerals, &c.—choice pieces, and well arranged.—The long continued fame and prosperity of the city, is, I think, justly ascribed, in a great measure, to the established form of government.—The admirers of Mr. Pope, a numerous class both of males and females, are very  
apt



apt to quote these lines as excellent ;—

“ For forms of government let fools contest,

“ Whate’er is *best* administer’d is *best*.”

The lines, however, are trivial and bad, both in poetry and sense.—Pope owes his excessive reputation more to harmony and smoothness of rhyme than to the extraordinary force of genius and soundness of judgement, which are found in the works of our truly great poets Shakespeare, Milton, Butler, and Dryden.—Superficial beauty, however, has always many admirers.—I repeat again, that the poetry of these lines is trivial, and the opinion expressed in them is even grossly false.—A well contrived and judicious form of government, in the societies of mankind, has ever been productive of salutary and permanent administration.—The greatest characters exhibited in the whole history of the world, are  
those



those who have instituted wise forms of government, or those who have hazarded, and, in many instances, have sacrificed their lives and fortunes for preservation of good, or reformation of bad forms.—These great men are termed fools by Mr. Pope.—Butler, a far superior wit, though not so thriving a poet, conveys much sense in a single line ;—he says,

“ No argument like matter of fact is.”

I think it is impossible to contest this general position in fact ;—“ That, under free  
“ and republican governments, the societies  
“ of mankind have been more intelligent,  
“ more prosperous, happy, and famous,  
“ than under monarchies ;”—I mean absolute monarchies.—Indeed, a total subjection to unlimited power, under one race or family, can with no propriety be denominated a form of government.—The  
Greeks



Greeks and Romans most justly termed this mode of government *tyranny*, and its subjects *barbarians*.—Learning, laws, and arts, appearing under monarchies, have ever been derived from free states; the influence of their vicinity, in all ages, restrained and moderated the most intolerable excesses of despotism.—It seems easy to demonstrate, that, if no free and well constituted forms of government had ever been established, the world, to this day, would have continued in a general state of total ignorance and barbarity.—British government has much of the republic in its constitution; one real evidence of which is, that, in fact, men of extraordinary abilities, and experimental knowledge in state affairs, can raise themselves to power and administration by dint of popular esteem and favour, in opposition to the will of kings, and the interest of courtiers.—The government of France is not despotic, though the limits

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of



of the sovereign power are not yet defined and fixed, which was truly the state of Britain before the Revolution.

*November 23.*—I SET out from Marfeilles with regret, exclaiming,

O! mihi preteritos referat si Jupiter annos.

I TRAVELLED only two posts to Aubagne;—all night at the Hotel de Notre Dame, where I had good entertainment, and a reasonable bill.—On the 24th, in the afternoon, I arrived at the Croix d'Or, Toulon, where I paid highly for good accommodation and entertainment.

MOST part of the road from Marfeilles to Toulon is directed through a winding glen, with very high rocky hills on each side.—There are some fertile vales, of small extent, but well cultivated, and planted with  
vines



vines and olives.—On the face of the rocky hills, we saw natural fir, and other trees of the pine tribe, thinly scattered, and of a very diminutive size, by defect of soil; but they serve for fire wood.—When we came within seven or eight miles of Toulon, we passed, for near the space of two miles, on a road, cut with great expence and difficulty, from the bottom of a tract of bare, barren, horrid craggs, which make a most romantic and tremendous appearance.—In several places, among these hills, we observed people employed in working and burning lime-stones, by kilns, like ours in Scotland.—I have not observed the use of lime as a manure any where in France, except in Picardy.

Toulon is a large garrison town, distinguished by its arsenal, quays, and port for the king's ships of war, and naval stores.—By fixed regulation, rarely dis-



penfed with, British fubjects are not permitted to fee the arfenals, &c.—and they fay, that the fame regulations, with regard to Frenchmen, was firft introduced in England.

I HAD a very obliging letter of introduction from the Bifhop of Rhodes to Monf. ———, marine commandant here.—He had gone to Paris on public fervice.—I had alfo a letter from the Bifhop to Madame the Countefs of Colbert, a lady of fuperior talents and high breeding.—She had retired to her country feat, at a confiderable diftance; but I was afterwards much honoured by her polite and kind attention.—Thefe difappointments vexed me the lefs, as I grew impatient for my winter retirement at Hyeres.

In travelling through this part of Provence, I cannot forbear to remark  
the



the regret I felt in observing, that certain obscure and contemptible Roman Catholic saints have robbed many hills, and fine villages, of their more respectable ancient names, derived from the heathen gods.

THE north-east wind, called the *Mén-tral*, has severe effects at all times in this country, particularly at *Marfeilles*.—*Toulon* and *Hyeres* are much sheltered from its rigours, by high lands in that quarter.

*HYERES* lies at the distance of about eleven English miles to the south-east of *Toulon*.—On the 28th of November 1786, I arrived there, and put up at the *Hotel de St. Pierre*, where I have met with very good entertainment, at reasonable rates.—Both the hotels are without the bounds of the village.—I have hired a convenient, well furnished, and delightful seated villa,



near the hotel, in the middle of an orange grove, for three months certain, at the moderate rate of five Louis d'Ors per month; I call it moderate, for there are apartments very sufficient to accommodate three families like mine.—The village has a remarkable fine situation, on the face of a pleasant hill, with a most charming prospect over beautiful orange gardens, and an extensive plain to the Mediterranean sea, and the pretty islands of Hyeres.—They reckon about four thousand inhabitants, generally very poor; but, in the prevalent character of French people, they appear to be contented and chearful.—As usual, in circumstances of poverty, the bulk of their houses are incommodious and dirty; though, like other parts in Provence, they are supplied with plentiful streams of good water.

THOUGH the orange gardens in this territory



ritory do not occupy a great extent of the ground, they annually yield a very considerable, though sometimes precarious, rent.—The orange crop for this year is almost wholly blasted by an unusual severity of frost for the four last days of December 1786.—Their crops of lemons is not considerable; but as they are more delicate than the orange, they are totally lost.—The season of ripe oranges and lemons is not, like other fruits, in the autumn;—they must remain on the tree till the beginning of May in the following year, to be thoroughly ripe; so that, in early spring, we see the full blossom and fruit together on orange trees; an object richly beautiful.—Till now, I never rightly understood Sir Francis Wronghead's joke in the play, “A maid of honour is like an orange-tree  
“that bears blossom and fruit at the same  
“time.”—Oranges, destined for exportation, are reaped during the winter before  
I 4 they



they are fully ripe.—During winter, they also send from this territory artichokes, cauliflower, and various garden-stuffs, to Toulon and other parts of Provence.—These products fully prove a superior climate in this district.—It also produces all fruits which are common in the south of France, particularly olives in great abundance.—I am informed, that, by an art of pruning and cutting the dead wood from their olive-trees, lately discovered and practised, this valuable product is greatly improved and augmented.—The olive-trees are often damaged by boisterous winds.—By the extraordinary hard winter in 1709, they were, in Provence, almost extirpated.—In this territory of Hyeres they suffered least.—It is almost inclosed and sheltered round by pleasant hills, and by the islands.—Abbè Coyer, in his travels, written with an agreeable levity, concludes a description of this territory in the following words:  
—“ *C'est*



—“ *C'est dans ces heureuses positions que  
“ la vicillese deveroit achever de vivre.*”

—It is in such happy situations, that old age should desire to end its course.—The winter is undoubtedly milder than any where else in the south of France; yet I have not experienced that uninterrupted softness and serenity which I expected:—Even in the month of March, tempestuous and cold winds, and sometimes rainy or raw weather, have broken in upon the ordinary sweetness and constancy of this climate.—I must, however, set down, from personal experience, a material testimony in its favour, that, for many years past, I have, during winter, been afflicted with severe colds, cough, and defluention, which I have wholly escaped here.

In this neighbourhood, there are several French families of distinction.—I was recommended to the respectable and much  
esteemed



esteemed family of Bourgare, and I shall not forget, though I cannot repay, their kind attentions.—I also became intimately acquainted with Mons. Iaume, a French gentleman of easy fortune, who lives in the town of Hyeres, and is one of the most agreeable, intelligent, and obliging companions, I have ever met with.—I found here, as travellers, a few English families.—We frequently made our parties together, and lived in a very sober, social, and friendly manner, without any tincture of the vile vulgar distinctions of north and south.—I shall ever cordially remember the acquaintance I here formed with Mr. N——tt and his agreeable family.—Mr. N——tt is an English clergyman of rank and excellent character.—If real merit, elegant manners, and superior parts, secure preferment in that church, I think he cannot fail to rise.—Our accidental acquaintance grew to a hearty friendship, which,  
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I am confident, will last unabated as long as we live.—The Duke and Duchess of Saxe-Gotha pass the winter here.—Indisposition of the Princess obliges them to live retiredly; but their easy, obliging manners, especially to the British, gain our respect; and they have given proofs of charity, humanity, and beneficence, which are the cardinal virtues of high life.—The British party here, and I in particular, were fortunate in having occasionally the advice and assistance of Dr. N——tt, the clergyman's brother, who is eminently skilful in his profession, and an honest worthy gentleman.

HAVING free access to my friend M. Laume's good library, I have very agreeably employed some portion of my time during this winter in reading, particularly the French dramatic writings.—Whether I have a just taste in that branch of literary



ary entertainment I know not, but I am sure I have a strong predilection, and singular pleasure, in whatever I think true productions of genius in this way.—In my course of perusing French plays of reputation, I set down any critical remarks that occur to me, without study or method.—I own I can never forbear to recollect and testify the high and super-eminent merit, which, in my opinion, Shakespeare possesses above all dramatic writers the world has produced, or, I believe, ever will produce.—*Nec ortum tale nec oriturum*, is applicable to him.—Perhaps this is an unfortunate taste, in which I know I am not quite singular; for we are often disgusted, when the bulk of a crowded, and what is called a splendid audience, receive many modern plays with rapture and applause.

*Hyeres, February and March 1786.*—I have read the dramatic works of Crebilon,  
lon,



lon, which are all tragedies, and generally esteemed as next in merit to those of Corneille and Racine.—As a specimen of laconic biography, which expresses in few but perspicuous words, only what is memorable, I set down a short account of his life, character, and writings.—Though a poet of strong and high imaginations, he was a very modest and reserved man; so, being unqualified to impose upon the great and rich by flattery, and insinuating arts, he was always poor.—He had no share of the political assurance and crafty address of his successor in dramatic fame, Mons. Voltaire; yet, in my opinion, he had a greater share of true poetic fire and fancy.—He was a very singular example of longevity.—Though a man of pleasure in his youth; though a remarkable gormandiser through life; though addicted for more than fifty years to the ill habit of smoking tobacco in excess, he lived, with talents unimpaired,  
to



to the age of eighty-nine.—He could never be induced, though often urged by his friends, to correct his compositions.—It is certain, that our great Shakespeare had such an aversion to corrections, perhaps for similar reasons, which are thus significantly expressed by Crebillon.—“ *Je n’ ai*  
 “ *jamais eu grand foi aux corrections ; la*  
 “ *plupart ne sont que des fautes nouvelles :—*  
 “ *lorsque on n’est plus dans la chaleur des pre-*  
 “ *mieres idees, on ne put trop se defier des se-*  
 “ *condes.—Je n’ai pu me garantir d’ un vice*  
 “ *que nous est commun a tous, et qui est la*  
 “ *veritable source de nos dereglemens poetiques.*  
 “ *—Je veux dire l’ impatience, quelques fois*  
 “ *l’ entetement et plus souvent l’ orgueil.*”—i.e.  
 “ I never had great faith in corrections  
 “ and amendments ; for the most part,  
 “ they only turn out to be a repetition of  
 “ faults.—When the fervour of a poet’s  
 “ first ideas is spent, he cannot be too  
 “ diffident of cool reflection, or second  
 “ thoughts.



“ thoughts.—To confess a truth too, I  
“ have never been able to correct infirmi-  
“ ties in myself, which are common to us  
“ all, and which are the real sources of  
“ our poetical disorders;—I mean impa-  
“ tience, sometimes obstinacy, and most of  
“ all, our pride.”—There is a short, but  
admirable passage in his preface to the tra-  
gedy of Idomenée, which I must set down,  
as containing more sense than many volumes  
of criticism which I have read.—He says,  
“ *Ceux qui sont doués d'un génie heureux*  
“ *puissent des leçons dans leurs propres talents;*  
“ *ceux qui en sont dénués n'ont besoin que d'*  
“ *un seul précept, c'est ne point écrire.*”—  
“ That is, Those who are endowed by  
“ nature with the true and happy genius  
“ of poetry, derive the best rules of ex-  
“ cellence in composition from their own  
“ talents:—those who are destitute of ge-  
“ nius, have but one precept to observe,  
“ and that is, Not to write at all.”—I sub-  
mit



mit to those who are qualified to determine, and even to readers of common sense, if there is not more sound, satisfactory judgment, and true taste, in this single observation, than in all the scientific, laboured, artificial rules which can be found in all the works of our modern critics, with Voltaire at their head, and Warburton at their tail.

*Remarks upon some of Cribillon's Tragedies.*

*THE IDOMENEE.*

“*Incredulus Odi.*”—Though it has poetical merit, this, and such plays, must appear utterly ridiculous to those who have formed their taste on the writings of Shakespeare, and not upon fantastical or metaphysical rules of criticism.—We cannot feel ourselves interested by incredible fable and romantic love, though we may  
admire



admire the splendid diction and fine flowing poetry.—The perfectly singular genius of Shakespeare infuses, indeed, probability into the wildest fables, and forms the characters of nature in monsters, necromancers, faires, and witches, though he generally chooses to adopt plots which are entirely credible or historical, and characters of real life, highly displayed and embellished by his extraordinary powers.

*THE ATREE AND THEESTE.*

THIS play has many poetical beauties, and is less romantic than the former.—The provocation was outrageous, and the revenge, though extravagant, is not unnatural.

*THE ELECTRE.*

WE can hardly form a precise opinion of a piece so complicated in the plot, and

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so various in the composition ;—yet, I can admire, in many passages, and even in some whole scenes, the poetical talents and genius of this author.

THE rhyming in French plays, is certainly a great impediment to just and natural dramatic composition, which ought to exhibit a true, though elevated, image of real character and conversation.—Shakespeare alone seems to have possessed this faculty in perfection, which, probably, his matchless genius could never have attained, had he been subjected to the fetters of rhyme, and to the scientific rules of criticism.—Our modern emendators of Shakespeare, shamefully encouraged by the multitude who fill our theatres, illustrate his superior judgement and abilities, in drawing and supporting true characters, by their absurd and affected refinements, in their attempts to reform his plays.—I mark a strong instance



stance of this false taste. One Tate, a dull rhymers, has transformed the hardy and pleasant, though profligate, bastard in King Lear, into a whining modern French lover.—Had Tate's bastard been in the original play, it is evident, he would have softened the rigour of Voltaire's criticisms, which are levelled at the want of refinement in Shakespeare.—As a specimen of Tate's refinements, his Bastard dies in pretty, feeble rhymes.—They are too contemptible for recollection, or insertion here; but I remember that he is quite charmed to lose his *breath*, when he sees two fine princesses contend for him in DEATH!—Of a piece is the studied, hard-strained, speech of Garrick's expiring Romeo:—

*Rom.* My powers are blasted.—

*'T*wixt death and love I'm torn—I am distracted!

But death's strongest,—and I must leave thee, Juliet!

Oh cruel, cursed fate! in sight of heav'n.



*Jul.* Thon rav'ſt;—lean on my breast.

*Rom.* Fathers have flinty hearts, no tears can  
melt 'em.

Nature pleads in vain,—children must be wretched.

*Jul.* Oh, my breaking heart—

*Rom.* She is my wife.—Our hearts are twin'd  
together.—

Capulet, forbear;—Paris, loose your hold.—

*Pull not our heart-strings thus—they crack—they break.—*

*Oh Juliet ! Juliet !*

*Jul.* Stay, stay, for me, Romeo,—

A moment stay; fate marries us in death,

And we are one,—no power shall part us.

*Faints on Romeo's body.*

I have often witnessed a wonderful applause  
to this dying fustian.

COLLY Cibber was less injurious to  
Shakespeare.—He did not presume, like  
Garrick, to compose additional passages in  
his original plays; yet he compiled a play,  
and called it his own Richard the Third,  
though



though all the valuable materials of it are drawn from Shakespeare's works.—This sort of plagiarism is singular, and, in many passages evidently incongruous, by misapplications.—As one example, Cibber, for a dying speech to King Richard, borrows the highly animated execrations of Northumberland, uttered when he was in the full vigour of life, and enraged at the news he had just received of his heroic son Percy's death.—The passage is so admirable, and so much in the style of Shakespeare's excellence, that I cannot forbear to set it down.—

“ Let Heaven kiss earth ! now let not Nature's hand  
Keep the wild flood confin'd !—Let order die !  
And let this world no longer be a Stage,  
To feed contention in a ling'ring act ;  
But let one spirit of the first-born Cain  
Reign in all bosoms, that, each heart being set  
On bloody courses, the rude scene may end,  
And darkness be the burier of the dead.”

CIBBER has also new modelled Shakef-



peare's King John, and calls it *Papal Tyranny*: an execrable piece.—One Hill, another modern play-wright, has also murdered his Henry V. in a most barbarous manner.—If ever a just and sensible taste become generally prevalent, we shall restore Shakespeare's original works, damn the bulk of his critics, and expel all his emendators from our theatre.

*Hyeres, February and March 1787.*—I HAVE now read, with much attention and pleasure, the plays of Corneille.—Voltaire's commentaries have a wonderful resemblance to ours upon Shakespeare.—They are, for the most part, verbal criticisms and quaint refinements, extremely strained, and often extremely absurd, always laid down in the style of dogmatical propositions, and scientific rules, and ill suited to the high genius of both these poets.

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I do not question at all, that Voltaire's criticisms on words and expressions are just and accurate.—We are not inclined to trace a nice and critical propriety of language in the writings of authors allowed to be of the highest rank; our search is for genius.—We find it in Corneille.—Voltaire's comparison of him to our Shakespeare, is neither judiciously nor fairly drawn.—He does justice to neither.—Though at evident pains, he is yet unable to disguise a peevish envy at his countryman's great fame, and a remarkably partial prejudice against the English poet.—It is perfectly evident, that he did not sufficiently understand the language, and consequently could not discern the beauties of Shakespeare; yet he pronounces many intolerable censures on him, in the tone of an absolute and authorised judge.—It seems very clear, that if Corneille had been able, from the nature of his language, and the taste of his



contemporaries, to disengage himself from rhyme and rigid critical rules, he would have resembled Shakespeare more than he does.—If Shakespeare had laboured under *the prodigious constraint of rhyme*,\*—had he been fettered by a systematical art of poetry, at it is called, he would have resembled Corneille very much.—However, there is a force of genius in Corneille which often surmounts the derangements of rhyme and rule.—Then he is the great dramatic poet, and perfectly resembles Shakespeare, who subjected himself to no rules but such as his own native genius and judgement prescribed.—To this auspicious liberty, we chiefly owe the singular pleasure of reading his matchless works, and of seeing his wonderfully various and natural characters occasionally performed by excellent actors of both sexes.

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• This is Voltaire's expression.



It is extremely remarkable, that a player never fails to acquire both fame and fortune by excelling in the proper and natural performance, even of low parts in Shakespeare's capital plays, such as from Simple ; the Grave-diggers ; Lancelot ; Dogberry ; the Nurse in Romeo ; Mrs Quickly ; Mine Host of the Garter ; down to Doll Tear-sheet ; Bardolph ; and Pistol ; because true pictures of nature must ever please.—The genius of a great painter is as much distinguished by an insect, as a hero ; by a simple cottage, as by a gorgeous palace.—In the course of reading Corneille's plays, I have been repeatedly struck with a pleasing recollection of similar beauties in Shakespeare.—Of this I set down one example : After two of the three Horatii were killed, the surviving brother's dexterous retreat was reported at Rome as an inglorious defeat and flight.—Old Horatius pours forth his rage and maledictions



dictions against the degenerate boy in high strains of poetry, and in the true character of a heroic Roman father.—A friend offers rational apologies for the young man, and concludes with saying, “ what could he do against such odds;” the noble answer is, “ *He could have died.*”—Voltaire tells us, that this sublime passage is always received by the audience at Paris, with bursts of applause,—much to their credit.—I am sure, the just admirers of Shakspeare may find similar beauties in his plays.—One occurs to me; it is one of his least esteemed pieces, Henry VI. Part II. Scene ii.—Lord Somers, in company with other leaders, finding their friend, the gallant Warwick, mortally wounded on the field of battle, exclaims,

“ O Warwick, Warwick, wert thou as we are,  
We might recover all our loss again.  
The Queen, from France, hath brought a puissant  
pow'r;  
Even now we heard the news.—O couldst thou fly.”

The



The Heroic Briton's answer is,

“Why, then, *I would not fly.*”

PERHAPS at the hazard of seeming tedious, if ever these notes should be published,—my real and hearty admiration for Shakespeare pushes me, irresistibly, into further remarks on Voltaire's ill conceived criticisms.---He has partly translated Shakespeare's excellent play of Julius Cæsar, which parcel of translation, he strangely proposes to his countrymen, and all foreigners, as a proper and fair specimen upon which they may form a judgment of the original author's genius, and be fully enabled to compare him with Corneille.—In a Note on page 2. of this feeble translation, he says, “*il faut savoir que Shakespeare avoit eu peu d'education, qu'il avoit le malheur d'etre reduit a etre comedien, qu'il falloit plaire au peuple, que le peuple plus riche en Angleterre qu'ailleurs frequente les spectacles, et que Shakespeare le servoit*



“ *servoit selon son gout.*”—i. e. “ It must be  
“ remarked, that Shakespeare had little  
“ benefit of education: That he was un-  
“ fortunately reduced to become a come-  
“ dian: That he found it necessary to  
“ please the populace, who in England are  
“ richer than in other countries, and fre-  
“ quent the theatres; and Shakespeare  
“ served them with entertainments to their  
“ taste.”—In another place, he says, ‘That  
Shakespeare introduced low characters  
and scenes of buffoonery, to please the peo-  
ple, and to get money.—I venture to  
aver, on full conviction of my own mind,  
that these imputations are rash, and even  
grossly false and injurious.—Shakespeare’s  
low characters have so curious and so per-  
fect a resemblance to nature, that they  
must always please, as I have observed,  
like master-pieces in painting; and more-  
over, they never fail to illustrate and en-  
dear the great characters.—Take away  
the



the odd, humorous, natural characters and scenes of Falstaff, Poins, Bardolph, Pistol, Mrs Quickly, &c. in his two plays of Henry the IV. and particularly the common foldier, Williams, in his play of Henry the V. and I venture to affirm, that you at once extinguish more than one half of our cordial esteem and admiration of that favourite hero.—In the same manner, expunge from the play of Julius Cæsar the representation of a giddy, fickle, and degenerate Roman mob, and you diminish, in a very great degree, our estimation of the two noble republican characters,—the honest, sincere, philosophical Brutus, and his brave, able, and ambitious friend Cassius.—The just admirers, and frequent readers of Shakespeare, will, on their own reflections, and without farther explanation, find, that these observations, though, as far as I know, they are new, are clearly applicable to every one of his plays, in  
which



which low characters are introduced.—Shakespeare was incapable to deviate from the truth of nature and character to please the great, or tooth the vulgar; and no dramatic writer ever treated the common people with so much contempt.—His scenes, in ridicule of them, are as exquisite as they are various;—though Voltaire ignorantly says, he courted their favour.—Of this, the ludicrous characters, and true comic drollery of Dogberry the constable, and his low associates, in the play of Much Ado About Nothing, is one proof.—There is still a more precious scene, of the same kind, in that part of his play of Henry the Sixth, where Jack Cade and his gang deliberate on a reformation of the state:—This is a singular piece of comedy and ridicule of low life, applicable to all periods, and all nations.—It has that character of *eternal nature*, which distinguishes Shakespeare.—It describes to the life, the fooleries



eries of free and ignorant people in all ages.—There is no judgment in Voltaire's reflection on Shakespeare, "that he was "*reduced* to become a comedian," a circumstance which certainly improved his great natural talents, as a dramatic writer.—Moliere, who far excelled all French comic writers, was also a player.—The native genius and judgment of both poets derived material advantages from experience and knowledge in the theatrical representations of human nature.—Voltaire himself was studious of the art, and practised it often.—One circumstance must be sufficient to convince all sensible foreigners of Voltaire's wilful and partial misrepresentation of Shakespeare.—What I mean is, that he singly contradicts the unanimous opinion of all British people for a course of more than two centuries.—An imperfect judge of the Spanish language might as reasonably attempt to decry the merit of  
of



of Cervantes, and produce a morsel of a flat, literal translation by himself, as sufficient evidence to discredit him.—Not only the common people in Britain, but all their superiors, wise and unwise, all the poets, great and small, all the critics, good and bad, concur, without a dissenting voice, in admiration of Shakespeare, as an unrivalled dramatic poet.—Even Pope, (though, like Voltaire, bedazzled by the immoderate praise of his cotemporaries of all ranks, though, like him, proud of his harmonious rhymes, and his *art of poetry*,) joined in the general veneration, and published an edition of his works, with humble notes, which are not so absurd as Warburton's.—Flies swarm in the fun-beams, or, to use Shakespeare's expression, “Whether “ fly the gnats but to the fun?”—Shakespeare has been plyed by commentators and critics more than all the rest of our poets together.—Among the crowd I can distinguish



distinguish very few.—The author of the *Canons of Criticism* writes, in my opinion, with superior propriety, judgment, and taste; and he lashes Warburton most justly.—An eminent lady, Mrs. Montague, has also distinguished herself in the list.—She writes with true discernment and elegance.—I only object, that she treats Voltaire with more complaisance than he deserved.—I concur with those who allow, that Samuel Johnson possessed uncommonly strong powers, both of thinking and expression; but surely he was not sufficiently unprejudiced and liberal in his knowledge of human life; and he was too formally scientific, to merit the character of a sound and unexceptionable critic, on so great a master of truth and nature as Shakespeare was.—Indeed, his opinions of our poets, particularly of the immortal Milton, are evidently warped and affected by the avowed bigotry of his principles in regard

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to church and state ; yet he warmly joins the general applause.—Voltaire invites his countrymen to judge of Shakespeare's merit by his morsel of literal translation, made, to use his own words, *mot pour mot* ; and then he adds, with astonishing levity, these words ; “ *Je n'ai qu'un mot à ajouter ;*  
“ *c'est que les vers blancs ne content que la*  
“ *peine de les dicter, cela n'est pas plus difficile*  
“ *qu'une lettre,*”—i. e. “ I have only a word  
“ to add, that is, that compositions in blank  
“ verse cost only the trouble of dictating,  
“ which is as easy as a familiar letter.”—  
No man of common sense can wonder that a literal translation, *mot pour mot*, and written, as Voltaire boasts, with the indolence and ease of a familiar epistle, should be totally inadequate to convey any just idea of original genius.—Yet I own, I have been surprised to meet with some Frenchmen, of reputation for taste and parts, who form their opinions on such a translation and  
such



such authority.—The just admirers of Shakespeare will forgive this long digression,—perhaps wish it had been longer.—I feel no fear of offending those who may dislike it.—I now return to my professed object, “ Travelling Memorandums.”

OF the common people in this part of France, the men are generally robust and well limbed, the women neat and well dressed.—They are remarkable for what the French call “ *bien coiffée*,” that is, a pretty head dress;—but neither of them have the healthy countenances and fresh complexions of our country people and villagers.—You very rarely see those fine creatures, we call *bonny lasses*, and *blooming lads*.—The provisions for living are sufficiently plentiful here, and, in several articles, good,—particularly lamb, mutton, pigeons, hares, partridges, &c.—The beef is not good,—and we are not pleased with



the poultry, unless we feed them ourselves, or bring them from distant parts.—They have very few cows, and no proper pasture for them, except on distant hills; so we can have little milk or butter that is tolerable.—I had very good butter of cows milk sent me from *Toulon*, three times a-week, at the rate of about two shillings *per* pound.—They might have plenty and variety of excellent fish from the Mediterranean; but their native fishers are miserably deficient, both in skill and industry.—During every spring season, the Genoese carry on a profitable and very considerable trade of fishing on this coast, in the best manner,—and even supply the French markets: Thus those republicans, with superior enterprise and industry, excited and supported by wise encouragements and regulations of the state, like the Dutch on our coasts, divert to themselves those sources of plenty and  
wealth



wealth which naturally belong to our own people.—Men interested in the people's prosperity, and intelligent in the means to promote it, govern republics.—Kings and courtiers are chiefly studious of their own security; and for that they rely on the force of mercenary armies, and the influence of mercenary priests.—A Frederick rarely, very rarely, exists;—a Monarch who had capacity to conceive, and virtue to practise the golden rule of government, —*That the people's prosperity is the only sure foundation of a monarch's honour and interest.*

THE horse I purchased at *Aix* serves me well.—For amusement, exercise, and change of air, I frequently make jaunts upon him as far as *Toulon*.—I have there become acquainted with a *Mons. Caffarelli*, lieutenant of a king's ship; from his company and conversation, I have derived much

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pleasure



pleasure and information.—I also had the good fortune here to be further acquainted with the celebrated *Abbè Raynal*.—At the age of seventy-four, he has, for some years, lived with an extraordinary abstinence of diet.—He drinks no fermented liquors, and subsists altogether on cow's milk with bread; by this regimen, he enjoys perfect health and high spirits.—He talks incessantly, but is constantly entertaining, often instructive; and, in conversation, he expresses himself with the same propriety and perspicuity as he does in his writings.

THE many good offices of my banker, *Francis Grenet*, and other gentlemen of this country, confirm an opinion I have formed of the French character in general, that they are not merely polite, but really friendly and beneficent.—A *Mons. Bouffie*, at Hyeres, is remarkable for obliging attention



tention to strangers, especially the British.—He has merited my regard by numberless good offices.—I found him engaged in a project of building a new and commodious hotel in an excellent situation.—I discovered, that his finances were rather deficient, and I granted some aid ;—I hope it shall prosper.

DURING my residence at Hyeres, I have amused myself very agreeably and effectually, in making collections of natural curiosities; shells, and other maritime bodies, fossils, spars, and minerals.—In this favourite object, I was remarkably assisted by my old Scottish servant, James.—He discovers a natural taste, which excites an extraordinary keenness and industry in his searches.—As often as he could be spared, he traversed the coasts and hills, far and near, returning always with stores,—many of them rare, or pretty.—Some of my



French acquaintance, observing his merit in this and other singularities, joined to a very unpolished appearance, called him *Le sage sauvage*, i. e. *the wise Savage*.---In the course of these excursions, he met with various adventures, some of them odd, and ludicrous enough.—I should relate them at full length, were I disposed to imitate the example of minute travellers, who write for the fame and profit of ample publications.—I was made acquainted with a Pere Urban, a Dominican priest of the convent of St. Pierre, at Toulon.—He had collected a small cabinet of natural history, which was for sale.—I purchased the most part of it.—After this commerce with him, he appeared to be attached to me, made me repeated visits here, and assisted me in other purchases.—I had some proofs of his kindness, and some of his craft.—Upon the whole, however, we were mutually well pleased.—He amused me, and I believe I paid



paid him in a manner sufficiently liberal and comfortable.—I must again make honourable mention of a barber.—He served me at this place.—His name is *Mons. Arena*.—I set it down for recollection, if ever I should return here, and that I may recommend him to others, for he is an excellent honest fellow.—He was an amateur of natural history.—He sometimes volunteered as a guide to James, and otherwise materially assisted me;—at length he suggested a shrewd experiment, which I shall try in other retired situations; though it may seem whimsical, it succeeded well.—He published a proclamation by the common cryer, in the village and neighbourhood, that a foreign gentleman, whose place of residence he expressed, was willing to pay reasonably for all articles of natural history, which were partly specified.—I had daily, and very amusing levees, chiefly of sailors and fishers, or their widows  
and



and kindred, from whom I purchased, at moderate rates, with God's blessing into the bargain, many curious articles, from the East and West Indies, as well as the Mediterranean coast, and from the mines and quarries of this country.—In the course of my dealings for collecting articles of natural history, I met with a very innocent adventure, which both entertained and interested me much.—Miss F——h, a young lady of the British party here, equally amiable by elegance of person and manners, recommended to my attention a Spanish Lady, of singular fortune and character, whom she countenanced and patronised from the purest dispositions of a good heart.—This Spanish lady's name is Madame Raquier, now past sixty years of age.—When young and handsome, she was married to a Frenchman, who had a good land estate in this country, and carried on trade for many years at Cadiz, with every  
appearance



appearance of success and growing affluence.—They had no child.—Having settled his fortune on a relation who lives at Toulon, in trust wholly for behoof of this lady, his wife, he died about ten years ago.—There is reason to doubt, if this trust was faithfully administered; however that may be, the fact is, that all his effects in Spain were seized by his creditors there, and the administrator in this country, having sold the land estate, returned an account, that all was exhausted by debts and expences of management;—so that, when the lady arrived here, in full expectation of an easy fortune, she found herself destitute even of common necessaries, in a country where she was entirely a stranger.—A priest, who was chaplain to her family when in opulence, had, about this time, been settled in a small living near Hyeres; with him she has ever since been entertained.—She works diligently at fine laces,  
and



and thereby contributes to their support.—She has made his little habitation the most exquisitely elegant cottage, I believe, in the world.—I have repeatedly visited it with fresh admiration.—She has borne this severe and unexpected reverse of fortune with such firmness of mind and chearful spirit, that she is highly respected, and commonly called *La femme forte*, or *the brave woman*.—I found it no easy matter to afford her a moderate relief, without offending her delicacy.—She obstinately declined to receive any thing as a present, or charity; but by Miss F——h's prudent and humane mediation, I purchased from her some choice articles of natural history, even below an adequate price.—I wish to give her some further supply, but I doubt it is impracticable; and so does Miss F——h.—I have frequently conversed with her.—Her sense and singular pleasantries quite charmed me.—A good poet might make her, at least



least, a match for the *Man of Ross*; an excellent natural character, but too artificially drawn by Pope.

No miser can accumulate pelf with more avidity than I do these articles of natural history.—I have accepted, without any scruple or ceremony, many presents from persons of condition, particularly from the Duchefs of Saxe-Gotha, and Lady D—f—s, who have promised to give me more; from a French Bishop, occasionally here, a very respectable and pleasant man; from Madame Bourgare, my friend; Mr. Iaume; and Monf. Roberts, a very worthy curate here, who has a good living;—from my countrymen, Mr. N——tt; honest Mr. F——h, &c.—On my transactions in natural history I make this remark, that if many misers understood their own interest rightly, they would act liberally,—whereby the rich may be induced to make  
them



them presents, and the poor to give them pennyworths.

I AM in the course of perusing Moliere's admirable comedies :—I have just read the *Miser*.—In a collection of works by an author of original genius, we are puzzled to form our judgment, and decide for ourselves this question,—Which is the best piece? or, *Chef d'œuvre*?—True genius resembles the power of eloquence,—in which the last speaker is predominant.—When I have just read one of Shakespeare's capital plays,—I think it *his best*, till I read another.—At this moment, I think the *Avare* is Moliere's best comedy.—I may alter my opinion, without abating my estimation of it, when I successively peruse the *Tartuffe*, and the *Misanthrope*, &c.—We may observe, in real life, that if the most notorious miser had sense enough to avoid certain pitiful, trifling, and contemptible savings, he  
might



might be allowed to merit the character of a wise and cautious man.—Moliere's Miser would pass for a rational good old man, prudently restraining the excesses of his inconsiderate and unexperienced children,—if you retrench those gross and ridiculous fooleries, which indeed are inseparable from the nature of avarice.—His *lending*, in place of *giving*, a good day, seems *outré*; but he is truly natural and comic, when he gives his steward directions about the entertainment.—“ Plenty  
“ of soup meagre to cloy their stomachs;  
“ and provide what may serve a company  
“ of eight, which will be sufficient for  
“ twelve or fourteen.”

HARPAGON's ludicrous agitations on discovery of the robbery, have a remarkable and very curious resemblance to Shakespeare's Shylock on a similar occasion.—It is pleasant to mark such comparisons of genius



genius in different countries.—Here the similitude is delightfully striking.

*Hyeres, March 20. 1787.*—List of French books occasionally recommended by intelligent friends here:—*Montaigne.*—Voltaire's edition of *Corneille.*—*Racine.*—*Crebillon.*—*Moliere.*—*Boileau.*—*Dictionnaire raisonné universel d'histoire naturelle, par Mons. Valmont, seven volumes.*—*Voyage d'un amateur des artes.*—*Elemens de l'histoire de France, three volumes, par l'Abbe Milot.*—*Memoires de chimie, par Mons. Sage.*—*Histoire d'Espagne, par Mariana.*—*Histoire de Henri quatre, par Perefixe.*—*Tableau de Paris, many volumes.*—*Guide des amateurs et des etrangers voyageurs a Paris.*—Schruchzer's natural history of Switzerland.—Mons. Jaume promises to give me a list of the most esteemed memoirs and translations in the French language.

*March*



*March 23.*—THIS day I was joined by my nephew,—an excellent companion,—and we immediately set out on our return northward.—In passing at Toulon, we visited Mr. and Mrs. C—k—n, who, for some time, were very agreeable members of our British party at Hyeres ;—and I finally settled my commerce with the priest.

*March 30. 1787.*—*Marseilles.*—We pass some days very agreeably here.—My stores of natural history, collected in those parts, are now carefully packed in fifteen or sixteen cases, and shipped by my banker, for London.\*—I also revisited Mons. Colet's

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fine

\* It is certainly one, and a remarkable proof, though in an instance of little moment, of the established regularity and safety of commerce, that, though I purchased numberless articles of natural history through the whole course of my extensive



fine cabinet, with a letter of recommendation from Madam Bourgare.—I shall ever warmly remember his kindness, and wish for any proper occasion of a grateful return.—He made me a present of a casket, containing a select, though small, collection of curious and rare articles in natural history ;—and, on the footing of a liberal and friendly commerce, I received from him a list of articles which he desired to have from different parts of Great Britain.—Most unhappily I have mislaid this list, and earnestly wish, by the mediation of some obliging and good natured traveller, to have it replaced, that I may be enabled to pay what I may properly call a debt  
of

travels, and left them in parcels to the charge of many different merchants, to be sent by various channels to different ports in Britain, I have suffered no loss or embezzlement worthy of mention; almost all are now in my possession.



of honour.—For my own recollection, and to inform other curious travellers, I set down that, during this short stop at Marseilles, I had some useful commerce with a new acquaintance, a fair dealer in natural history;—his name and address is —“ *Th. Ville, au coin de la Caribiere, vers le port a Marseilles.*

*April 3.*—RETURNED to *Aix*, where I had the good fortune to find Mr. N——t and his family.—In company together, and conducted by our most obliging banker, Monsieur Gregoire, we visited a cabinet of paintings, which I had not an opportunity to see when formerly here.—It belongs to Monf. —, a very polite and agreeable old gentleman.—Four spacious and elegant apartments are filled with choice collections of books and paintings, which are arranged with singular order and taste.—The paintings are select, origi-



nal pieces, of the Flemish, French, and Italian schools.—They are esteemed the best and most valuable private collection in France.—Though no connoisseur, I passed some hours in viewing them, and in hearing the worthy owner's descriptions of them, with inexpressible pleasure.

*April 12.*—We set out for *Montpelier*.—Near St. Remy, on our route there, we saw those celebrated objects of antiquity, which are fit only to be seen and admired.—I think it impossible to convey any just idea of them by description;—at least, I never attempt such descriptions.—If made by scientific men, they are dull or unintelligible;—and, if by men of taste, deficient.

*Montpelier, April 14.*—We arrived here in the evening, and put up at the hotel of the *Cheval Blanc*.—There are two other hotels,



hotels, none of them reputable, which is strange, as the resort here is very considerable.—This is reckoned the best.—When I desired to know, what we could have for supper privately, the landlady told me, there was not a morsel in the house which was not ready to be set down at the *table de l'hôte* to supper.—For change, we were very well disposed to join this casual and uncertain company.—I was surpris'd at the goodness of our fare.—We had variety of the best dishes for the season, well cooked, and at one third of the expence for a private entertainment.—The company was numerous, talkative, and merry, without much drinking ;—all quite at their ease, and wearing their hats on.—We were not qualified for the rapidity of a promiscuous French conversation, and retired early, though we met with every mark of attention and politeness.—Next day, I hired a pleasant and commodious private house,



well furnished, in the Jardins de Fin, and adjoining to the walls of the town, at two Louis d'Ors *per* week.

IN this town, they reckon above twenty thousand inhabitants, and that a sixth part of them are Protestants.—Their minister, Mons. —, has the general reputation of a learned, moderate, worthy man, and an excellent preacher.—He performs divine service every Sunday at ten o'clock, forenoon, in a field, about a mile from the town, without any molestation.

MONTPELIER has a very pleasant situation, on a rising ground, surrounded by an extensive, and, for most part, fertile plain, within sight of the Mediterranean.—The air is uncommonly pure and sharp;—hurtful in consumptive cases, but salutary to weak nerves;—so I find it agrees with my constitution, though, for an extraordinary continuance



continuance of near three weeks, the weather has been very cold, and the menstral winds blow very high.—The States of Languedoc assemble here in winter; when, I am told, the most noble and opulent families maintain an elegant and exemplary hospitality, without excess either in luxury or play.—The provisions are good and plentiful, but generally dear;—fresh and good fish of all kinds, particularly the *rouger*.—Sole and turbot sell at very high prices.—The States are not inattentive to the prosperity and interest of this great province;—yet they have hitherto failed to establish proper rules and regulations for the improvement of their fisheries, which are very ill managed.—Their university long possessed great reputation, especially in the medical line.—They are allowed to use the King's gardens, which are extensive, though neither beautiful nor richly stocked with botanical plants.—In



this garden, *Narcissa* was secretly buried, on whose death, Young, in his Night Thoughts, raves with all the romantic wildness of poetical phrenzy.—The spot, a little gloomy grove, is known.—I saw it:—It is indeed a *doleful shade*.—Some generous and liberal minded French persons of distinction lately made a contribution to erect a monumental tomb over this burial-place.—The proposal has occasioned serious contests, not yet settled.—The orthodox are greatly offended, that such a monument should be erected over *unhallowed ground*, and to the memory of a heretical girl.—The two grand walks, the Esplanade, and the Pera, are justly admired as the finest in France; and the adjoining great aqueduct makes, as I think, a magnificent appearance, though it is a modern work, and though my friend Smollet peevishly treats it with contempt.—The perfumes and *liqueurs* which are made  
here



here, are highly esteemed all over Europe, and are the staple branch of their commerce.

IN a party with Lord D—f—s and his family, we made an excursion to view the great canal of Languedoc, and the *Montagne percée*, (the pierced mountain);—beautiful objects of high and curious art, even to those who have seen such noble and useful works in England and Scotland.—I am firm in an opinion, that all minute description of such monuments of genius, or public benefit, are tedious and unsatisfactory.—In such cases, I forbear any description, and I apply the Roman maxim, *Sentio tantum—monstrare nequeo.*

IN the course of this excursion, I made and set down a material observation, that there is one article of Catholic religion, which, though a hearty Protestant, I would  
gladly



gladly embrace ;—that, in seed-time and harvest, they work diligently, and I think, *devoutly*, in the fields, except during the actual performance of divine service.—If sense and sound reason were allowed to determine points of religious faith and duty, it would be as practicable and profitable for nations to agree in articles of faith as of commerce, which is not regulated by metaphysical arguments, nor by the art or influence of interested men, but by the obvious principles of common sense and common utility.

WHEN at Montpelier, I had the singular happiness to become well acquainted with Lord C—lf—d, and his most amiable family.—I can in no due measure express the estimation, which, in my heart, I entertain for him.—In these unpremeditated notes, I set down just what I think and feel.—I think England produces some of  
the



the best, and some of the worst of mankind, with a wonderful diversity of intermediate characters between these extremes.

—A wise and well-informed, cheerful, benevolent Englishman, does the highest honour to human nature.—Even an honest good-natured, blunt Englishman, with sense, though deficient in knowledge and manners, is a worthy and respectable character;—but, on the other hand, a low-bred, surly, ignorant, insolent, and, add to all, a purse-proud Englishman, *is the most offensive animal that crawls on two legs*, between earth and heaven.—One of their noblemen, equally famous for his wit and profligacy, says of human nature what is certainly applicable to his countrymen:—

“Man differs more from man, than man from beast.”

I WAS surprised, when informed, that there were no less than nine hundred chairs  
used



used in this town.—Every lady of any fashion has her chair, and generally their own servants act as chairmen.—For great part of the year, however, the bulk of them are carefully laid up, and, in general, only employed when the states are assembled; and the place is crowded with good company from all quarters.—Manufactures, particularly in silk, cotton, and verdigris, with consequential population, are here in a manifest progress.

I HAVE made a very agreeable acquaintance with an English gentleman and his lady, occasionally here, Mr. and Mrs. P—n; and I have hopes to meet them again in the course of our travels.

IN my vocation of collecting wherever I go, curious articles of natural history, I have been successful here, and have seen several good cabinets.—I have made some  
precious



precious acquisitions from a Monf. Plomd, an eminent and experienced dealer.—His usual practice is to decline any retails, and sell only large parcels:—Happily for my views, he is at present overstocked, and content to sell at moderate prices such pieces as his customers may choofe to have.—I am barely an amateur, and can never rife to the character of a connoiffeur; yet, by practice, I make fome progrefs in diftinguifhing capital pieces, and I am occasionally aided by perfons of real fkill.—I purchafed from this man a fmall collection of beautiful mineral pieces, and rich chryftals, from Dauphiny and the Pyrenees.—By perfeverance in this mode of traffic, I may be able to form a cabinet of diftinction at home, without very great or improper expence; and, in the mean time, I enjoy a variety of innocent and rare amufements.

IN



IN the view, that I may determine to pass next winter in Spain, I have read Swinburne's travels with uncommon satisfaction.—I think they are written with ease, good taste, sense, and perspicuity;—rare ingredients in modern books of any kind.

I ESTEEM Mons. Sabatier of this place as a sagacious, learned, and honest physician.—I shall never forget his fair, laconic, and sensible advice to my nephew, who has pulmonary complaints.—His words were,  
“ *Allez! Allez! Il ne faut pas rester ici; sou-*  
“ *venez vous toujours de le conseil que je vous*  
“ *donne—boucoup de menagement, et fort peu*  
“ *des remedes.*”—“ Depart! depart!—  
“ this climate is improper for your case;  
“ but pray remember the advice I give  
“ you.—You cannot take too much care  
“ of yourself, nor can you take too little  
“ of medicines.”—This Doctor gave me  
a



a simple receipt for an inflammation of the eyes, which, as it proved very successful, I set it down for the benefit of others.—

“ Bathe them frequently with rose and  
“ plantane waters, mixed in equal quantities.”

*Cete.*—I took up my residence for about a week at Cete, as a convenient situation, from which I could easily resort to, and try the famous mineral waters of Bulleruck.—Cete stands on a peninsula in the Mediterranean, about twenty miles from Montpellier.—Great part of the territory lying between those towns is very barren.—The village of Frontinian lies on this road, within five miles of Cete.—It is remarkable for the rich wine called Frontiniac produced in its neighbourhood, and for its very unhealthy situation, occasioned by neighbouring marshes, which, in hot summers, infect the inhabitants with mortal



tal distempers.— Sometimes the surviving people abandon it, and return again in winter.

THE situation of Cete is beautiful, on the bottom of a hill, which is cultivated, inclosed, and covered with vines to the top.— The access to the town has a singular appearance, and is finely romantic.— We pass by a handsome and very extensive bridge, which crosses part of a great sea-lake issuing from the Mediterranean.— The harbour and port of Cete is a work of extraordinary solidity, and it is the most commodious and useful in the gulph of Lyons.— Their trade in Languedoc wines and brandy is very considerable.— They have also a great manufactory of tobacco, which employs from five to eight hundred men, women, and children.— Burnet, Durance, and Co. are the most eminent merchants.— Their cellars and warehouses are  
of



of greater extent and conveniency than any I ever saw.—I had a letter of introduction to Mr Burnet from Mrs A——n, an excellent member of our British society at Hyeres.—I had also a credit on him from my banker at Marfeilles.—Mr. Burnet is a native of Scotland, yet has no intention, or desire, to return home.—No wonder:—He has been settled here, in a prosperous course of business, for more than twenty-five years, and is married to a deserving French lady, by whom he enjoys a good land estate, near Lunnell.—He is however, on all occasions, remarkably attentive and obliging to the British people, without any of the vile distinctions between south and north, which are only kept up by persons who dishonour both.

DURING my stay here, I happened to meet with two captains of trading vessels from the Frith of Forth.—I was very high-

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ly



ly pleased with their spirit and conversation.—I visited their ships, and they sometimes dined with me.—I set down from their information a few particulars which I think material, or interesting.—Their names are Gray and Greig.—They had both served in the British navy during last war.—I am convinced, that such men are better qualified to give true ideas of facts and characters than persons of rank in the service.—They are not so liable to the influence of party connection.—They express plainly and bluntly the sense, and sincere opinions of our honest tars.—Under such favourable impressions of them, confirmed by their natural and unaffected manners, I listened to their informations as curious and important.—They said, “ the public  
“ disgrace and punishment inflicted on an  
“ inglorious admiral, in the former war,  
“ was of great service.—They freely cen-  
“ sured some of our admirals who served  
“ in



“ in the last war.—Without any partial  
“ favour for Keppel, they roundly and se-  
“ verely blamed Palliser; and were clear-  
“ ly decided in opinion, that if the two  
“ admirals had united in brave and vigo-  
“ rous exertions, we should have obtained  
“ a complete and great victory.—They be-  
“ stowed no encomiums on Graves.—Their  
“ favourite heroes were Kempenfelt, Rod-  
“ ney, Douglas, Hood, and captain Young.  
“ —They said, the best and most service-  
“ able sailors in the world undoubtedly  
“ are the British, the Dutch, and the Nor-  
“ wegian:—That the French, and other  
“ nations, are now in course to rival them:  
“ —That the Czarina could never have  
“ formed a respectable fleet, if she had not  
“ had the sagacity to engage, and em-  
“ ploy British sailors, particularly admiral  
“ Greig, and an English carpenter, whose  
“ name I do not recollect:—That she  
“ wisely encouraged, rewarded them libe-



“ rally, and committed to them the whole  
“ direction and charge of her naval af-  
“ fairs.”—It was with pleasure, and I  
own, with a sort of national pride, that  
I heard some French merchants of my ac-  
quaintance very frankly express their es-  
teem for those two British sailors:—They  
said, they were distinguished in the port  
for their healthy ruddy complexions, and  
stout make; but still more for their pro-  
per and regular behaviour.

*Bulleruck Mineral Waters.*—BULLERUCK  
is a small village, about ten English miles  
from Cete, by an excellent road, lately  
made at the expence of the province.—It  
is situated near the brink of the great salt-  
water lake called Tou.—This lake extends  
about thirty miles in length, and ten in  
breadth.—Near the extremity of it, where  
the famous Languedoc canal begins, the  
city of Beziers, and its environs, make a  
delightful



delightful appearance.—The territory adjoining to Bulleruck is exceedingly rude and barren.—It is, however, very capable of cultivation, as appears by some experiments of improvements on small detached spots, where vines and olives are propagated and thrive.—It is a singular and comfortable circumstance, that these waters are innocent, and operate their salutary effects, if at all, in a very short time.—When used for drinking, a continuance of six or seven days is generally found sufficient; and few invalids stay, for bathing, or *dousing*,\* above a fortnight.—Mons. Wecket, treasurer of the province, is proprietor of this watering place.—The well known beneficence of his character is most pleasingly  
N 3                      manifested

\* Some critics have mistaken this word for the name of a town in France, and have censured the writer for *spelling it wrong*. They ought to have consulted Baillie's Dictionary.

Note to the Second Edition.



manifested to strangers, by the apparently chearful, easy, and happy condition of the people.—At present, the best accommodation and entertainment are to be had at the bathing house.—I made choice of my residence at Cete, that I might be obliged to rise early, and take exercise.—All articles of lodging, entertainment, and using the waters, are regulated and very moderate.—The inhabitants here seem yet in a state of innocence ; and I never saw any watering place where there is so little appearance of a disposition to impose on strangers.—They have one physician, a Dr. Pouzaire.—His fee is half-a-crown for every visit, or a Louis d'Or for two weeks attendance.—I think he is a well meaning man ; and he certainly is experienced in the proper use of these waters.—He has published a small book on them.—It has lately been translated, literally enough, by an English travelling Doctor, Mr. B—— Pugh, with  
some



some additional observations and cases.—

The waters have certainly performed wonderful cures in recent cases of such palsies as affect only part of the body, also in partial obstructions, rheumatisms, and sciaticas.

—They are not proper in cases of general relaxation.—Many are hurt by drinking them excessively.—I have experienced, that, when drank with due moderation, they are the safest, gentlest, and most effectual of all physic; and I have felt the salutary effects of them for my complaints of decayed appetite and indigestion.—I never exceeded eight small glasses, taken at an interval of a quarter of an hour.—The quantity very commonly taken is three or four times as much.—It is a very hot, sulphureous water, with some mixture of salt and steel.

HERE they have charitable funds, under a well regulated administration of certain

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managers,



managers, or trustees.—They have executed considerable and convenient accommodations, and afford small pensions for poor invalids.—The princess of —, from an uncommonly rational sentiment of piety and gratitude for her recovery of health, by means of these waters, made a donation some years ago of ten thousand livres to this charitable foundation.—Such bounty, I am convinced, will give her highness a better claim to good fame in this world, and a crown of glory in the next, than if, in imitation of some wonderful emperors, empresses, kings, queens, princes, and princesses, she had alienated valuable territories to the Holy Father at Rome; or if she had burdened her people, and drained her treasury, by splendid and rich gifts to the Holy Mother at Loretto.

THEY have here a manufactory of small glass wares, mostly trinkets;—very showy  
and



and cheap.—Such articles are suited to, and usually found at watering places.—Spa has improved the art of varnishing to a high degree of beauty and elegance.—Bath and Tunbridge have a great variety of pretty toys and trinkets.—Even at our northern watering place, Peterhead, the ingenious art of turning begins to be practised with some fancy and taste.—Having mentioned this place, I must observe, that the water here is certainly the best chalybeate in Britain.—It resembles the Poughon of Spa;—and, upon grounds both of observation and experience, I believe that it is not inferior in its medical effects.—Here the accommodation and entertainment are now remarkably good, and the inhabitants are distinguished for their decent manners and obliging behaviour.—The air is singularly pure, the soil dry, and the conveniencies of sea-bathing in perfection.—As the accommodations of travelling,  
and



and posting from Edinburgh, are in vogue, I am convinced, that if those circumstances were sufficiently known, many opulent persons would resort to Peterhead from the southern parts of Britain, as stomach and nervous complaints are invariably relieved, if not radically cured, by the use of this water.—As I would advise North Britons, who can afford to take the amusement and benefit of mineral waters, to go, in proper season, first to Cheltenham, and then to Bath or Bristol;—so, I am firmly persuaded, that a tour from the south would be equally adviseable and successful, first, to Pitcaithly, near Perth, and then to Peterhead.—Such a practice would also tend to render the national union more complete, and more agreeable.

*Montpelier, 12th May 1787.*—WE returned to Montpelier, dissatisfied with our  
hotel



hotel at Cete.—I revisited the best cabinets at present in this place.

1<sup>st</sup>, THE cabinet of Monf. Jouvent,—an elegant, though not a great collection of shells, minerals, and paintings, with a handsome library of books.—He has a more considerable cabinet at Paris.

2<sup>d</sup>, A COLLECTION of birds, which belongs to Monf. Fauziere, and is kept in a fine apartment belonging to the academy of sciences.—The collection is large and beautiful,—but due preservation is neglected.

3<sup>d</sup>, A COLLECTION of paintings, the property of Monf. Douchie: small, but choice, and well arranged, with a good library.—I observed here, what was new and very pleasing to me, a number of glass frames, about a foot and a half square, resembling



resembling the form of a lanthorn, with gilded pillars.—These served as so many little cabinets for birds, shells, fine minerals, and select small statues.—They have a very pretty effect, properly placed in a large cabinet, or library.

4th, THE most curious and valuable cabinet of paintings in this place belongs to Mons. Bourgaire.

JUST before we set out, Lord D—f—s and I jointly purchased from Burnet and Co. several parcels of the best wines produced in this province, particularly, *Frontinac*, *Lunnell*, *St. D'Azery*, and a red wine, which, after being bottled for some years, becomes excellent.—The *St. D'Azery* is a delicious cordial.—It grows on a small territory of this province, and is so much esteemed, that it is all bought up on the spot.—None of it goes in the course of  
ordinary



ordinary commerce.--The Lunnell is a pleasant wine, largely vended in commerce.—It has dangerous effects, if immoderately drank.—Our wine merchants, to confirm this information, told us a curious fact, That if any of their workmen are disabled by violent cramps, rheumatisms, or convulsions, upon enquiry, they seldom fail to discover, that they have embezzled and drank to excess their Lunnell wines.

AFTER much deliberation and advice, the charms of Italy have prevailed, and I am resolved to pass next winter in that country,—though I am still convinced, that the climate of Spain is preferable.—So I set out immediately for Nîmes, Avignon, Lyons, Geneva, &c. on the plan of passing the hot summer months in temperate climates, and of being still in a progress of travelling.

*Nîmes,*



*Nismes*, 14<sup>th</sup> May 1787.—We arrived here, at the hotel de Louviere, where our entertainment was good and reasonable.—For a sufficient description of the precious remains of Roman taste and grandeur, which are to be seen here, I refer to Smollet's little testy book of travels, vol. I. letter 10th.—Nismes has increased prodigiously of late years in manufactures, and consequently in population.—They reckon sixty or seventy;—I have reason to believe there are fifty thousand inhabitants.

A SILK stocking manufacture is their capital branch, in which they are generally allowed to excel, both for quality and cheapness.—They have also a considerable cotton manufacture.—I bought some cotton handkerchiefs, on which fine pieces of mosaic work are very well stamped.—They have several thousand stocking frames, but many of them are at present unemployed, which



which they attribute to a late ordinance of the king of Spain, prohibiting the importation of silk manufactures from France.—All manufactures are liable to such occasional vicissitudes; but if well established and regulated, they recover their ground, or find new channels of circulation.

I THINK the climate here is milder than at Montpellier.—One half of the people are Protestants.--They have three very respectable ministers, who perform divine worship in a delightful situation, near the romantic rock which fronts the fine fountains and curious old Roman baths.—On solemn occasions, they assemble to the number of from twenty to thirty thousand people, who are watched by military troops, but unmolested, as they are always decent and inoffensive, never tumultuary.—There was such a numerous meeting, very lately, when our Duke of Cumberland was one  
of



of the audience.—An honest burghers, in relating the circumstances of this assembly to me, said, “O! Sir, we wept for joy  
“to see such a meeting, and at the same  
“time a prince among us.”

WHEN we set out from this place, on our route to Avignon, we paid half a post of additional hire for a small deviation to see the famous Pont de Gardes.—This is a customary exaction; though not unexceptionable, it is more tolerable than the monarchical foolery of a “*poste royale*,” that is, double hire at every stage where the king has any palace or residence;—as if an exorbitant imposition was a token of honour to their king.

*Avignon, 17th May 1787.*—ARRIVED at Avignon.—My worthy acquaintance Mr. F——h had resided here for a considerable time.—He gave me several letters of recommendation



commendation, particularly one to Chevalier Paris, who has retired to this place, as many French persons of quality do, to repair the damages of early dissipation, and learn to live with elegant œconomy.—For this virtue, French people of fashion are distinguished, and I found him a very remarkable and agreeable example of it.

I CAN find no particular book which gives a proper or satisfactory description and history of this fine country.—There are transient sketches of it in some of the books of travels I have referred to.—The life of Petrarch, lately published in French, is very amusing, and contains some illustrations of its ancient state and history.—The inhabitants of this beautiful and fertile territory, though in the heart of France, and subject to the Pope, enjoy a great measure of ease, liberty, and security.—They complain only of too much ecclesiastical

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fiastical power; yet it certainly is not so oppressive as in other situations.—The great and well governed cities of Marseilles, Lyons, and Nismes, have so engrossed all capital articles of trade and manufactures, that the people here, though in a very advantageous situation, have not been able to acquire, or maintain any considerable share of either.—Their chief dependence is on the resort of noble and fashionable people, who reside here for ease and independence.—It is remarkable, that they practise here a more unlimited liberty of the Press than any where on the continent.—They have between twenty and thirty different presses much employed, and they publish, without controul, all sorts of prohibited books.—I purchased some remarkable productions of this kind, which are not to be had openly in any other part of France, and particularly the private life of Lewis XV. which is amusing, and contains many  
true



true and curious anecdotes, not very conducive to raise our veneration for Kings and Courts, nor to remove prejudices against them.

THE Pope is sovereign of Avignon, and the adjoining territory of Contade. — Their right was anciently acquired by transactions, ably and artfully managed, with a weak and bigoted princefs: — Indeed the Popes have in many instances been great gainers by female godliness.

THE Pope's Legate exercises all power of governor and chief magistrate. — His jurisdiction, in matters criminal, is absolute and final; — in civil questions, an appeal is competent to the Court of Rome. — He has only one hundred men, as a military guard, to maintain peace and order. — He possesses a noble palace; but his income not exceeding fifteen hundred pounds Sterling a-year,



he lives without stately ostentation, or much expence.—The Popes appoint an Italian to this office almost without exception.—Their administration has mostly been, and now is, impartial, moderate, and popular.—In the singular position of this country, any degree of rigour would be dangerous, and oppression would be fatal to the sovereign power.—The Popes have only a small territorial revenue, and they have never ventured to impose, or exact, any taxes whatever.—The reason they assign for this singularity is satisfactory.—They say, “The King of France cannot, and the Pope dare not impose taxes.”—Its value to the Pope consists chiefly of the ecclesiastical preferments in his disposal.—There are four bishoprics.—That of Avignon is reckoned worth three thousand pounds Sterling *per annum*.

THE



THE town of Avignon has no magistracy nor jurisdiction; but they are allowed to enjoy certain privileges, and have right to an annual revenue of no less than twenty five thousand pounds Sterling.—This revenue is faithfully administered by three consuls; one chosen by the Pope, one by the nobles, and one by the burgessees.—They compute, that five or six thousand pounds of this revenue are necessarily and actually expended every year in erecting new, and repairing old bulwarks, to defend this town and fertile country from devastations by the two rivers Rhone and Durance.—Sometimes this expence amounts to greater sums.—From seven to eight thousand pounds are annually necessary, and expended to support their three great hospitals.—The river Durance is very remarkable for its rapid violence and destructive waste through all its course.—The people have this common proverb, “That



“ the country of Provence is afflicted by  
“ three plagues; the parliament, the men-  
“ stral winds, and the river Durance.”—

They complain of vexatious delays, and  
excessive expence of law suits, carried on be-  
fore that parliament.—The papal nobility,  
within this territory of Avignon, are few  
in number, and inconsiderable in wealth.—

The land property is mostly divided into  
small estates.—The rich and great at Avig-  
non are French nobility, generally from  
Provence, Languedoc, and Dauphiny, who,  
by their residence here, are entitled to  
certain privileges, without affecting their  
rights as French subjects.—They keep up  
the distinctions of rank and birth to a high  
pitch:—They avoid intercourse or society  
with burgeses and other untitled people:  
—They even condemn the papal nobility,  
and, in derision, call them by the name of  
*Papists.*



19th May 1787.—THE Chevalier Paris is pleasant, polite, and friendly.—He, this day, accompanied us on a jaunt, to visit the famous fountain Vaucluse.—It lies about five leagues to the west of Avignon.—On our way, we passed through a delightful plain, and within a league of it, through the fine and charmingly situated village of Lyall.—In this territory, I observed more of the excellent and effectual practice to refresh, and fertilize lands, by artificial floodings of water, than in any other part of France.—The fountain is situated at a considerable height, on the ascent of a great hill.—We gradually mounted from the pretty little village of Vaucluse, along the side of that singular torrent which tumbles down from the beautiful fountain, till we arrived at it.—The objects adjoining are formed by a wild variety of rocks, inconceivably romantic.—Our lively companion, M. Paris, very pro-



perly applied to this scene the French expression, "*Belles horreures,*" — *beautiful Terrors.*

THE water of this fountain is in a very uncommon degree pure and limpid.—It is exceedingly pleasant and refreshing to drink.—It is of large extent, and said to be unfathomable in depth;—it is vaulted over by a natural cavern of prodigious height.—The fall of its very plentiful stream, dashing, foaming, and bellowing over great stones and broken rocks, is an object of wonder and admiration.—It excels all the cascades that ever art presented.—This fall of water soon settles in the fine valley below, where—

" The floating mirror shines,  
 " Reflects each flow'r that on the border grows,  
 " And a new heav'n in its fair bosom shows,"

CATO.

It



It seems natural, that the singular, philosophical, melancholy poet, and romantic lover, Petrarch, should have made choice of this extraordinary spot, as the place of his frequent retreats from the vexatious caprice of his charming Laura, and also from the splendid troubles of royal favour and high life, in which he was reluctantly engaged.—Here he built an elegant villa, and formed a fine garden, of which no vestige now remains,—though they call the ruins of an old castle by his name.—In fact, this was a mansion-house possessed by the ancient Lord of the Manor.—Laura was certainly a most perfect pattern for coquettes.—By delusive frowns and favours, she kept up the ardent and constant love of Petrarch for more than twenty years; though, during that period, he soon disliked and deserted another very beautiful woman, who had been both indulgent and faithful, and by whom he had two children.

—Let



—Let florid poets, and fantastical romance writers, refine as much as they please, the whole art of Laura is well and truly exposed in one plain, humorous stanza of our Beggar's Opera,—

“ Oh Polly you might have toy'd and kiss'd,

“ By keeping men off, we keep them on.”

ON our return from Vacluse, we dined at the excellent hotel de St. Martin near  
Lyall.

• A respectable and accurate Correspondent observes, that Petrarch says of the Fountain of Vacluse.—“ *Ubi fontium rex omnium Sorga Oritur.*— This  
“ I find in a life of Petrarch, written by himself in  
“ Latin; from which it appears, that a great deal  
“ of the French life of that poet is fabulous.—He  
“ says of himself, that, before he was forty years of  
“ age, he had thrown off all remembrance of love  
“ matters as effectually, as if he had never seen a  
“ woman.—This is not generally known or believed, but it is impossible to doubt his own testimony.”

Note to the Second Edition.



Lyall.—For the first time, in travelling through France, I met with an instance of gross and intolerable insolence from the postilions, because we declined to put up at the hotel de Chartre, a very bad one, which they recommended.—The good sense of the postmaster at Avignon afforded every satisfaction we desired, without application to the civil magistrate.

THE Chevalier Paris has introduced us to several persons of distinction, particularly to his highly respected friends Count Rosfiere, and his lady, who was the only child and heiress of the late Count de Sadis, and is lineally descended from the celebrated Laura.—We were elegantly entertained at their house, and found them both persons of superior spirit and agreeable manners.—In the course of conversation, we talked of Moliere's ridicule of Doctors, and the uncertainty of medical prescriptions,



prescriptions, even by the best of them.—  
The Count told us a story which I think particularly pleasant, and deserving to be recorded.—He related, that a worthy person of his acquaintance was in a dangerous state of health, and consulted some of the most distinguished physicians at Paris.—For some time, he took all the medicines they prescribed, without any success, or symptom of recovery.—He then dismissed them all but one, of whom he conceived the most favourable opinion.—To him he said, “ Sir, I believe I am dying, and I assure you I entertain no vain hopes, nor anxious desire, for a speedy or compleat recovery.—But, from particular circumstances, it essentially concerns a numerous family, that my life should be protracted for three months and six days.—If I die within that period, my wife and children must be left destitute.—If I outlive it, I can  
“ effectually



“ effectually make liberal settlements upon  
“ them.—I have great confidence in your  
“ integrity and skill,—What can you do  
“ for me?”—“ Sir,” said the Doctor, “ I  
“ venture to undertake, that you shall  
“ outlive the time mentioned, if you strictly  
“ ly observe my prescriptions.”—The  
eager patient replied, “ I will.—What  
“ am I take?”—“ You must take nothing,”  
said the Doctor.—“ If you take any medi-  
“ cines, I am off.”—So he prescribed an  
abstemious diet, and moderate exercise.  
The gentleman lived for some years, and  
left his family in affluence.

*Lyons, 23d May 1787.*—WE arrived at  
my favourite hotel de Paye in Lyons, where  
we found every thing agreeable as former-  
ly.—We were hospitably and politely en-  
tertained by Mons. and Madam Faye, who  
was absent during my former residence  
here.—I never saw a finer woman, yet  
her



her behaviour is sedate, and her conversation rational.—In company with Mr Faye, and another French gentleman, we visited the remarkable villa of Monf. Renier, receiver of the revenue of Lyons,—a person of great reputation, and considerable opulence.—This villa is situated about four miles west from Lyons.—We passed along the banks of the smooth and gently flowing river Saone.—Cæsar, in his commentaries, observes, that we cannot perceive which way it runs.—The prospects here, on both sides of the river, are delightfully romantic and beautiful.—The numerous country seats, on the rising and highly cultivated grounds, appear, with elegance superior to those in the neighbourhood of Marfeilles.—The villa, which we visited, is esteemed the finest and most valuable of them all : —It cost the original owner, at least, two hundred thousand livres.—After his death, a sale became necessary, and, about thirteen



teen years ago, the present proprietor purchased it for forty thousand livres.—Such disproportioned and losing sales of their fine seats, are, from various causes, frequent, both here, and at Versailles.—An English lady of distinction, Lady R——s, lately made such a purchase in this neighbourhood where she now resides.—The villa of Mons. Renier is elegant, spacious, and commodious; the gardens are pleasantly laid out; and there are very plentiful streams of fine water, which flow constantly from a pretty adjoining hill, and are fancifully formed into a great variety of cascades, showers, fountains, and *jets d'eaux*;—which, however, diminished in the effect upon us, by our recent visit and recollection of nature's beauties at Vaucluse.

25th May.—I WAS conducted to see a rich cabinet of natural history which belongs to Monsieur Imbert, merchant.—It consists of birds in good preservation,—minerals



nerals,—lava,—petrefactions, &c.—I particularly observed, and admired, a brilliant morsel of rock crystal from Corfica.—We also saw the fine mineralogical cabinet of Monsieur Le Camus, *Directeur du grenier*.—It is remarkable that fish, particularly the trout, are excellent in the impetuous river Rhone,—and that they are much inferior in the slow and gentle Saone.

28th May.—PENTECOST is in this country a day of more festivity and merriment than devotion.—Indeed, the policy of Catholic Priests has blended amusement in all the solemnities of their religion;—rich Pontifical Dresses, processions, music, &c. &c.—No theatrical dumb shew was ever so well contrived to entertain a gaping multitude, as the exhibition of a grand mass.—*Si populus vult decipi, decipiatur.*

Surely the pleasure is as great  
Of being cheated, as to cheat;

So



So lookers on feel most delight,  
Who least perceive the juggler's flight;  
And still the less they understand,  
The more they admire the slight of hand.—

The above is a select passage from Hudibras, which has not yet got into the mouths of common spouters in poetry, and will please every reader of sense.

THIRTY or forty thousand people commonly assemble on this day, to enjoy a great variety of low entertainments and diversions, in a pleasant small island near Lyons, and in the river Saone.—I had a strong desire to go with a party of good company, as spectators of this tumultuous show,—but as I always am uneasy in mobs of any kind, and as my health requires exercise and change of air, we this day set out on our journey for Geneva, by a route through stupendous, yet beautiful highlands.—Still

P

avoiding



avoiding fatigue, we made a short journey for the first day, and put up at a poor village called Cordon, where our entertainment was good, and our bill very moderate.— The environs of this place present a singular variety of nature's most pleasant scenes, in glens, rocks, woods, and streams.

*29th May.*—FROM here to St. Martin, Dutens sets down a stage of three hours, though it measures only seven miles.—We made it in little more than two hours.—The hill of Cordon is very high, the ascent is gradual, and the road well made.—We had six horses till we reached the top of the hill, and then four returned.—We breakfasted at Le *Coronne de France*, in the charming village of Nantua, situated on a fine extensive lake, which is surrounded by high rocks; delightfully varied, wild and picturesque.—When at Lyons, I got a card of introduction to *Mons. le Comte de Douglas*,



Douglas, and Monf. le Viscomte his nephew, who commonly reside here.—The nephew was absent on military service.—The Count is a very old man.—Though descended from a race of some antiquity in France, he entertained us with the cordiality and kindness of a countryman, and talked warmly of his relation to our great Scots families, and of the honourable reception he met with from the Dukes of Douglas and Queensberry, &c. when he visited Scotland above forty years ago.—We dined with him, and were regaled with trout from the lake, which are excellent, and preferred by many to the trout of Geneva.—The rest of our route to Geneva so much resembles the objects we have passed, that particular descriptions would be improper.—In crossing mountains of prodigious height, I could not persuade the French postilions of a proposition which I thought very simple and clear,—that, if



possible, we should avoid a situation in which the danger may be fatal.—The roads on these mountains are very well formed and spacious;—yet they never would, on my entreaties, drive on the safe-side,—but obstinately kept along the very brink of most dreadful precipices.—I had enough of the *Belles horreures*, and I vowed never to take this route again.—We saw the Rhone near its fountain, which is in Switzerland, and here it appears a pretty and simple rivulet;—though in its course it grows, to deserve the epithet given it by Petrarch, of the majestic Rhone.—For six or seven leagues, before we arrive at Geneva, we pass through a charming, extensive, and highly cultivated plain.—These objects, and the pleasant change of rich pastures and enclosed fields, revived my spirits.—The first appearance of Geneva struck me with uncommon sensations of surprise and joy.—On this quarter, it is not visible till the  
traveller



traveller approaches very near.—At once the whole beautiful city, the noble expanded Lake, and the grand Glaciers, are displayed in full view.—At the same moment, I felt irresistibly a glow of enthusiastic affection and reverence to this illustrious seat of reformation and liberty.—Here we arrived, 30th May, at the hotel de Eceu, in the heart of the town.—We pay at the rate of three livres a night for each apartment, and five livres for dinner.—Travelers generally resort to hotels, which are no doubt more agreeably situated on the lake, and without the town.—All the route from Lyons to Geneva is mountainous or pastoral, yet we saw few mules or horses.—The country labour and carriages are mostly performed by oxen of a middling size, strong made, well shaped, and of a light brown colour, resembling the Guernsey breed.—We got very good Burgundy at the inns, excellent mutton,



and my favourite articles of milk and butter, in high perfection.

THE trout and other fish from the lake of Geneva are excellent:—They are not only delicate to the palate, but light, and of easy digestion;—yet the Nantua trouts are not inferior.—The fish is a luxury here, and often rises to very high prices.

*1<sup>st</sup> June.*—WE find the environs of Geneva very agreeable, but the weather is cold, and the neighbouring hills are, at this moment, covered and loaded with snow, more than ever I observed in any part of Scotland at this season of the year.

*2<sup>d</sup> June.*—THIS day, with a party mostly British, I visited Ferney, Voltaire's seat and village, about six miles from Geneva. —I was better pleased with the ancient  
romantic



romantic retreat of Petrarch.—I imagine that he had more genius as a poet; and he certainly was as a man, a superior character.—Voltaire's village is in a visible state of decay.—I have experimental knowledge of the proper plan for founding and establishing an industrious village.—Voltaire has either been ignorant of the best measures for such a scheme, or unwilling to put them in practice.—They reckon about six hundred inhabitants.—He lived for above twenty years on the spot;—so he had sufficient time to have settled them as a regular community, and in a state of security from future oppression, without which no village or society can greatly prosper.—A proprietor can by no means raise the value of his land estate so effectually, as by granting perpetual independent settlements to industrious villagers.—I suppose this proposition will not be relished by the bulk of landlords.—



Voltaire built all the houses in this village, at his own expence, and gave the settlers possessions for the first six years without paying rent.—In fact, during his life, he continued the possessions for very moderate rents, and was a most indulgent, beneficent, popular landlord.—But, unhappily, he neglected granting to the people permanent rights, and obtaining for them a regular institution of government.—The miserable consequence of this precarious and dependent state, was experienced immediately after his death.—The villagers were left to the mercy of his dear Niece, Miss Denny, one of those notable ladies who judge by Hudibras's maxim,

“What's the worth of any thing,

“But as much money as 'twill bring.”

SHE exacted rents at the rate of eight *per cent.* of the money expended in building,—by which she might raise an annual revenue



revenue of twenty thousand Livres.—She sold the house, with gardens, and great part of the land estate.—She is not beloved, and the village is nearly in a state of desolation; so that the rents are now hardly sufficient to support the houses in proper repair.—There was lately a report from Paris of her death.—Bonfires blazed in the village and neighbourhood, but they were soon sadly undeceived.

4th June.—DURING this forenoon we have been delightfully amused in viewing three cabinets, two of natural history, and one of paintings.—We visited, *first*, the cabinet of Mons. Tingry, a sensible ingenious man:—It contains a very complete collection of minerals, and rock crystals, mostly collected from Swabia, Switzerland, Dauphiny, Prussia, Saxony, and the Pyrenees.—His native gold and silver, some pieces of which are mixed with different metals,



metals, and some splendidly crystalized, are remarkably beautiful and valuable.

2d, WE visited the cabinet of Mons. Talbot, a gentleman of distinguished manners.—This is not so great, but it is a more select collection than the other; every morsel is excellent.—In particular, I have never yet seen such specimens of mixed metals, sulphur and amber.—He also possesses a variety of exquisite pieces from Cornwall and Derbyshire in England.—This gentleman has the merit of which I have met with no other example, that he himself has for many years travelled through the mineral regions in search of natural curiosities; and all the finest and rarest articles in his cabinet, have been so found and acquired, by his own curious industry, sufficiently rewarded, as he says, by a series of surprising successes.—When we all expressed our great admiration of



a specimen of mixed metal, very rare, and singularly beautiful; he said, he valued it as the richest and most fortunate of all his acquisitions;—that after a whole day of fruitless search in one of the Tuscan mines, when about to retire, he found it with transports of joy in the moment, and repeated sensations of pleasure, ever since, such as, he believes, no other instance of high and unexpected good fortune could possibly excite in his mind.

3d, WE visited the exhibition of paintings, by Monsieur Leodar, a very celebrated painter, and a native of Geneva.—His paintings are chiefly portraits, landscapes, and fruit pieces.—I admired the artist himself as an original, more curious and pleasing than any which art can produce.—He is in the eighty-sixth year of his age, without any mark of decline.—He has the strong  
ruddy



ruddy complexion, which is inseparable from a vigorous longevity, in an extraordinary degree, and I never saw any resemblance, at such advanced years, of his vivacity and gaiety of spirit.--Several times, while we viewed some of his most remarkable paintings, the happy old man charmed us by singing a lively French Chanfon, suited to the subjects of them.—He was long in vogue, and greatly employed as a portrait painter, in particular, by the late Empress, Queen of Hungary, by Lewis XV. of France, and by the Grand Seignior, who favoured and employed him for years.—As a testimony of gratitude to this great monarch, he wears a Turkish habit richly ornamented, which he received in a present from the Sultan.—He enjoys a pension from the Turkish Sovereign.—The pieces, which our party concurred in admiring most, were several portraits of the artist himself, at different ages, with



with a striking and curious, though varying, likeness in each.

5th June.—THIS day we had the pleasure to visit two other cabinets of natural history.—One of them belongs to Monsieur de Luch, who had the happiness to commence this delightful study of natural history, and even to make collections very early in life.—He has keenly persevered, for many years, so that he now enjoys a rich cabinet, and not a few singularly beautiful and rare pieces.—His prettiest shells are brought from St. Domingo, and his most curious fossils were found on the mountains of Tuscany.—We next visited the cabinet of the celebrated Monf. Saussure.—His collection is both considerable and select.—His book, entitled *Voyage des Alpes*, is much esteemed by lovers of natural history.—I take it along with me, and expect to find from it agreeable and curious information.



information.—His chrystalifations excel in form, beauty, and splendour, particularly one large piece, polished at Milan, where he says, that art is brought to the highest perfection.—There are several very distinguishable pieces in their native state, from the mines of Saxe-Gotha.—His various collections, from the Alps, are rare and admirable.—He has also an elegant cabinet of birds;—and this is the only collection in which I have seen good specimens of Scots pearls and pebbles.\*

6th

\* I cannot omit to observe, that in the whole course of my travels, I have no where seen the preservation of quadrupeds, birds, fishes, and insects, executed with such art and taste, as by Mr. ALEXANDER WEIR of Edinburgh.—He is a most ingenious man, and certainly has not hitherto been so much encouraged by the Public as his merit and modesty deserve.



*6th June.*—We this day saw, and I deliberately surveyed, the greatest public granary in this city.—It is a very large old building of six stories.—Every story forms one apartment for grain ungrinded only,—because meal, or grinded grain, can by no means be long preserved.—The dimensions of each apartment are the same;—in length, about thirty six of my paces, by twenty four in breadth,—and about nine feet in height.—To support the great extent of floor, and such a weight of grain, there are very large and solid wooden pillars, through every apartment, from top to bottom.—There are six rows of these pillars, and nine pillars in every row;—the distance of one pillar from another is six of my paces.—The grain is mostly wheat, purchased sometimes from different parts of France, very much from Franche Compté, a fertile territory, not very far distant.—They also import, occasionally, large quantities from Barbary, and from Sardinia.  
—The



The lowest floor of this granary is stored with as much grain as can be packed or heaped in it, and the quantity is gradually diminished, as they rise to the upper stories, for the obvious purpose of saving labour and expence.—Every apartment has many windows, which are opened in dry weather, for the benefit of ventilation.—Before they lodge the grain, it is moderately and skilfully kiln-dried;—yet, while it continues new, it must be turned over, at least once in twenty days.—When this practice has been continued, till the grain becomes sufficiently firm and quite dry, generally in two years, it is rarely necessary to turn it any more.—By this method of management, they have experience of preserving the grain in perfect soundness for many years, and they have no doubt, that it may be so preserved even for a century.—When I saw this granary, the lowest apartment was full of wheat from Barbary.



Barbary.—It is a very fine large grain, and they say it makes excellent bread.—I had hopes of obtaining a collection of the laws, regulations, and œconomy, by which the public granaries are here rendered effectual means of restraining monopolies, moderating the markets, and preventing the calamities of scarcity, or excessive prices for bread; but in this I was disappointed, by my short stay at Geneva.—I have been as much as I was able attentive and elaborate on this article, because I am convinced that such granaries, wisely regulated, and well managed, would be greatly beneficial to our burghs in Scotland, and will probably be adopted, if ever the administration of their revenues shall be established on a proper plan of integrity and public interest.—Our burghs, both in England and Scotland, are like many towns on the continent, in their original constitutions, various republics, with this

Q

apparent



apparent advantage in Britain, that they are subject to the power, and under the protection of a limited monarchical state.

—This advantage has not hitherto operated so greatly as we might reasonably expect, from a defect, I am afraid, of spirited exertions in our people, or of public virtue, which is true wisdom, in the constituents of our government.—Our Proprietors of land estates in Scotland are, generally, neither deficient in good sense and knowledge, nor in due attention to their common interests; yet, they either supinely neglect to consider, or they mistake a clear proposition, that the value of land, and its products, is essentially connected with the good policy, prosperity, and population of our burghs.—They must be sensible, that some new regulations are absolutely necessary for the right government of the burghs;—yet they have hitherto looked on the generous struggle  
of



of our associated burgesſes, as if they were unconcerned ſpectators.—It is my intention, if I live a few years, to ſet an humble example of erecting a public granary in one of theſe burghs, which are not infected with the modern peſt of corrupt political influence.

*7th June.*—WE this day viſited the great and ancient Church of St. Peter, which is ſtill magnificent, and, in my ideas, not leſs ſo, that it is ſtripped of thoſe rich and gaudy decorations, which, in different ages, have been contrived and multiplied to raiſe the veneration, and confirm the faith of the weak and credulous herd of mankind.—The only artificial inſtrument of devotion which yet remains, is a very large organ, rarely uſed.—Even the ſeats, which are appropriated for the chief magiſtrates, and the council of two hundred, though decent and commodious, are not diſtinguiſh-

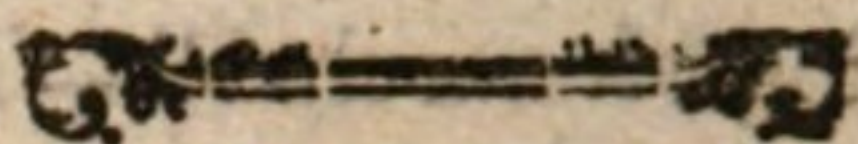


ed by any extraordinary ornaments.—It seems very remarkable, that, at one particular period, a glow of sense, and a spirit of reforming the enormities of Catholic superstition, pervaded all Europe, and ever since its progress has stopped;—even in countries, such as Switzerland and Ireland, where Reformation is established by law, and professed by the most considerable and thriving part of the people.—This is, I think, a topic for able discussion.—I put a question to a very intelligent acquaintance here, which I consider as extremely material, and to which he made a satisfactory and interesting answer.—My question was,  
“ As you inform me, that there are not  
“ above twenty-four thousand inhabitants  
“ in this city, What is the reason that  
“ they are not more numerous, in a place  
“ famous for civil and religious liberty,  
“ so happily situated as an asylum to people  
“ oppressed and persecuted under  
“ neighbouring

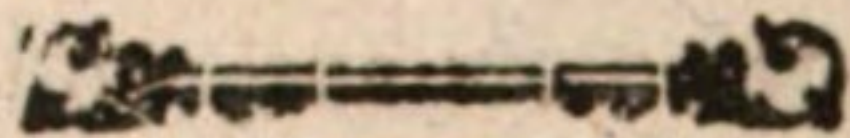


“neighbouring Monarchs?”—The answer was, “Our city cannot contain more than  
“twenty-four thousand inhabitants, unless  
“we were to extend its liberties, which  
“cannot be done without the demolition  
“of our fortifications, and a dangerous  
“change of our established rights and constitution of government.—Experience  
“and examples have corrected the ignorant  
“councils of our neighbouring monarchs,  
“who no longer persecute heretics.—  
“Even their churchmen now incline to  
“toleration; and you must observe, that  
“though the city contains only twenty-  
“four thousand inhabitants, its adjoining  
“territory is covered with fine villages,  
“and, for its small extent, is wonderfully  
“populous.—But, after all, I must inform  
“you, that though we possess, and exercise  
“the rights and privileges of a free  
“State, yet we now are, and have long  
“been subject to the power and influence  
“of the French Court.”





THE following Memorandums, with the Note prefixed, were first published in 1787, by the late ingenious and patriotic Mr. John Knox, in his *Tour through the Highlands of Scotland, and the Hebride Isles*. This happened without the consent or knowledge of the Author, who was then upon the Continent.—The publication was extremely incorrect.—In the course of this Volume, Lord Gardenstone had occasion to make some remarks on M. de Voltaire's management in regard to his Village of Ferney.—The Memorandums are now reprinted as relative to, and explanatory of, the Observations on Voltaire's Village, from a copy corrected by His Lordship.





*THE following important Observations, written by Lord Gardenstone, were communicated by George Dempster, Esq;—They seem to have been drawn up chiefly for the perusal of the Duke of Athol, and a number of gentlemen, who are at present raising a considerable town on the Duke's estate near Perth, called Stanley.—It is to be wished, that the liberal spirit, perceivable throughout the whole detail, and the good effects thereof, may open the eyes of many proprietors of lands, whose narrow conduct has impeded the growth of towns and manufactures, which they have been attempting to raise upon their estates.*



MEMORANDUMS  
CONCERNING THE VILLAGE OF  
*L A W R E N C E K I R K.*

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**T**HIS village, till the year 1768, was only what is called a Kirktown, and consisted of very few houses.

Its situation is, in some respects, advantageous, and it lies under some disadvantages.—It is placed in the heart of a populous, industrious country, in which the manufacture of low-priced linen has been long established.—It is also a stage on the great road from Perth to Aberdeen.—There are adjoining fields very fit for  
bleaching,



bleaching, and well supplied with streams and springs of water.—Its chief disadvantage is the difficulty and charge of being supplied with fuel, having no turf, and a long land carriage of coal eleven miles on a road, not yet very good, from our sea-port.—I was convinced, that the benefits of situation, joined, to a spirit of industry, duly encouraged, were sufficient to surmount the difficulties, and, in the year 1768, I embarked in the project of a village.—Undismayed by various losses and disappointments, I have steadily persevered, and can now with great pleasure say, that this scheme has succeeded on the whole beyond my most sanguine hopes.

HAVING planned the village-street, through a tract of very barren ground, I published advertisements in the country, that industrious settlers would meet with encouragement.—Very moderate premi-  
ums



ums to industry were proposed, such as five guineas for the first four looms in any weaver's house.—The weaver, who gained this premium, has, for some years past, employed between thirty and forty looms.

LOTS of land in the line of the village, for houses and gardens, were to be granted at the rate of sixpence per fall, *i. e.* four pounds per acre.—The settlers were not to have feus, but leases, for one hundred years of their grounds, for houses and gardens.—They might also have small farms, from two to five acres, at a very moderate rent, with gradual rises for an endurance of nineteen years, and a survivancy to husband and wife.—These small farms were generally let at first for ten shillings per acre, with rises up to fifteen, eighteen, and twenty shillings, during the lease, and according to the quality of the land.—The settlers were to build their own houses, and keep them in repair.

IN



IN a few years, I varied this plan, finding that it was not thought sufficiently encouraging to settlers in the village.—My view, from the beginning, was to make the people who settled in the village easy and independent, not doubting that such people would make my adjoining land valuable.—I could not carry my land to the gates of a thriving town, but I could answer the same purpose, by erecting and establishing a thriving town in the heart of my land.—By this time, I felt an agreeable zeal in the project, and contracted a fond affection to the people, as they became inhabitants of my village.—*I have tried, in some measure, a variety of the pleasures which mankind pursue; but never relished any so much as the pleasure arising from the progress of my village.*

UPON my original plan as above explained, several good and industrious tradesmen, particularly linen weavers, made settlements



ments in my village, with the long leases for their houses and gardens, and with small farms on a shorter lease.—These people appeared on trial, for some years, to be contented and thriving.—They had been subtenants in the country, and were sensible that they had changed to a better condition.—Yet one of them, a sagacious fellow, and a great favourite, informed me, that though he and the other settlers were well satisfied, an opinion prevailed in the country, that my rents for houses and garden ground were too high, unless I was to grant feus, or rights of property, in place of the long leases.—I was firm in my opinion, (and for many reasons I am so still,) that a lease, for such small lots of ground, is a much more proper tenure and title than the feudal investiture;—but upon this judicious hint, I resolved to offer more encouraging proposals for settlers in the village.

ACCORDINGLY,



ACCORDINGLY, I published advertisements through the country, that, to encourage settlers in the village, I was willing to grant leases of ground for houses and gardens, at the rate of three-pence per fall, in stead of sixpence, and that these leases were to be renewable, for ever, on payment, at the end of every hundred years, of two years rent as a *grassum*.—At the same time, in justice to my original settlers, I granted new leases to them on these advantageous terms.

THE effect of this measure was popular, —beyond what I could imagine.—In a few years, the number of industrious inhabitants increased surprisngly.—I have always considered it as a material part of my plan, that the settlers must build their own houses.—This regulation proved a real test of some merit in every settler, and effectually excluded the idle and destitute,  
who



who infest many of our villages.—In fact, every tradesman, who has been able to clear his way, by building proper houses, cultivating his garden ground, and putting in good order his little farm, (all inclosed,) is happy, and thriving, beyond what they can be in neighbouring towns, where they can earn no more by industry, though they pay high rents for houses and shops, without the precious accommodation of either garden grounds, or small farms.—One of my tradesmen possesses his house, and an ample garden of forty falls, for a rent of ten shillings.—In the neighbouring towns of Montrose, or Brechin, he would pay from six to ten times that rent, for worse accommodation in houses only.

For several years, I adhered strictly to another salutary rule, that I gave no aid, in credit or money, to any of the settlers,  
till



till he had made considerable progress in his own settlement, and till I had ground to be satisfied of his prudence and industry.—I then, in many cases, advanced moderate aids in money, upon security, for some years, without interest.—It is remarkable, that as long as I did adhere to this rule, the money was in every instance well laid out, and has actually been repaid when demanded.

My rage, for advancing the village, grew too strong for these prudential regulations:—I was induced to embark with several splendid projectors, by whom I suffered considerable losses.—I had an undertaker for a linen manufactory from the North,—a stocking weaver from Edinburgh; and, from London, I had a very flattering projector of a printing field.—These different schemes went on for several years upon my credit, and to a large extent.



tent.—They all, in the end, miscarried, and I, by costly experience, learned my error in departing from my original maxim, to give no aid in money or credit, except to those who once settled themselves, and appeared, from their prudent conduct, to deserve assistance in a course of thriving.

I MUST, however, advert, that, in my dealings with those unsuccessful adventurers, I happily adhered to my other original regulation, that every settler must build his own houses, and, from this circumstance, I derived a very substantial relief of my losses.—Every one of the three projectors built very good houses for their several undertakings:—These houses have served to invite good settlers, who now thrive, and pay sufficient rents.

ABOUT



ABOUT six, or seven years ago, so many people had settled in the village, that my land, for the small adjoining farms, was exhausted.—I found this to be an obstacle in its further progress for some time.—To remedy this, having still ground for village lots of houses and gardens, I made public advertisements, that future settlers, who should build, and make out their garden, in a village lot, without any farm, should be entitled to possess, free of rent, for the first seven years.—This encouragement had the intended effect, and now my ground for village lots is also exhausted; so that I am obliged to treat with my tenants for land to accommodate new settlers, who now offer more than ever, on account of our excellent bleach field lately established by a very opulent company.

I SHALL be happy, if His Grace the Duke of Athol can discover any material  
R information



information from these loose hints, which may conduce to promote his generous and public spirited designs.—*I heartily wish that all our men of family and fortune had the good sense and taste to pursue such objects ;— in place of riot, gambling, races, and a great part of their politics.*

I OMITTED to mention, that, after my village had increased to above seventy houses, and contained above five hundred souls, I obtained the King's charter, by which it was created a free and independent burgh of barony, with powers to elect magistrates, and right to an annual fair and weekly market.—The substance of their charter is printed, and subjoined to a small pamphlet, entitled, *Letter to the people of Lawrence Kirk*, which contains well-meant admonitions, and has had a good effect.

AFTER



AFTER this establishment of the village into a burgh and community, I assisted them to frame certain fundamental, yet short and simple bye laws, of which copies shall be sent to the Duke.—The most material bye-law is calculated to restrain any waste of their public funds, by vain and idle entertainments, which has been the immemorial usage of our royal burghs.—That they might have some fund for public uses, I granted an obligation on me and my successors, to pay their treasurer ten pounds sterling yearly; and they taxed themselves in one penny per fall of the village lots;—so that they have an income of about thirty pounds yearly, which will increase;—as I oblige myself and my heirs to stipulate one penny per fall for the public revenue on all future grants of village lots.—I shall also send to his Grace a copy of a village lease.

R 2

BESIDES





BESIDES the errors I have already confessed, I must not omit to mention two others.—*First*, Before I began this project, I did not considerately form a proper plan of the village.—The street is much too narrow and long.—In the line of it, no room is left for squares.—*Secondly*, In measuring off the ground for village lots, I ought to have given no more room in front than was sufficient for their dwelling houses and shops.—This error has occasioned various, and now, obvious inconveniences of office-houses, and unoccupied ground to the street.

FINIS.













17.3/ 17

erkstätte

III

Günzburg







Garden, Francis

Travelling Memorandums

Bd.: 1

Edinburgh (1792)

It.sing. 1449 p-1

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